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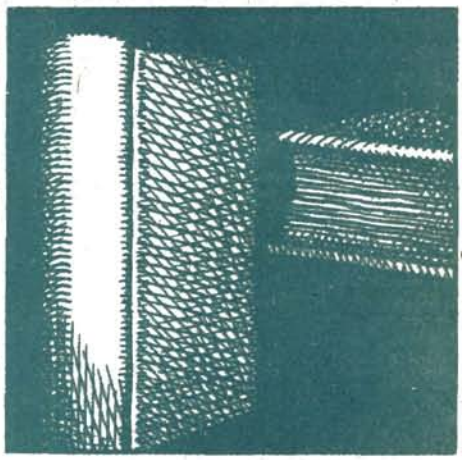
The Editors
SOFT PATH TO
THE FUTURE

ONE DOLLAR

FEBRUARY 27, 1981

"The reaction to John Lennon's death was eerily unrelated to any particular life. The news media uncovered clichés which had been kept under wraps since Elvis Presley's death—'His songs spoke for a generation,' 'Each one of us died a little when the music died' . . . and there were interviews, too many of them, with teary young people who testified their undying commitment to all the stuff John stood for, whatever it was."

John Garvey on mourning the famous



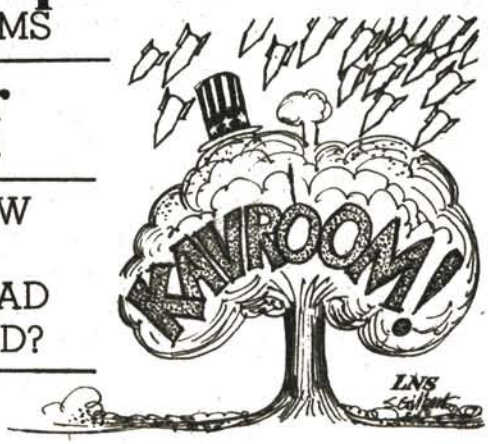
The other Cape Town

ROGER M. WILLIAMS

Signs of war

THOMAS POWERS

HOW DO WE KNOW
WHEN IT'S TIME
TO PACK UP & HEAD
FOR NEW ZEALAND?



RELIGIOUS BOOKS: CRITICS' CHOICES
SALLY CUNNEEN
JAY P. DOLAN
GEORGE G. HIGGINS
WILLIAM P. LOEWE
MARILYN CHAPIN MASSEY
MARTIN P. MARTY
JOHN T. PAWLIKOWSKI
PHEME PERKINS
ARLENE SWIDLER

ABEL GANCE'S 'NAPOLEON' MEETS ITS WESTERBECK

"To me the experience was so real . . . and so evidently supernatural that nothing, not contradictions or frustrations, neither powers nor principalities, to use the words of St. Paul, neither superiors, bishops, or cardinals, have managed to raise a doubt in my mind that this is what God wanted me to do, however badly I have done it."

George H. Dunne reflects on his faith

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Correspondence

Gas tax attacks

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editors: That an exorbitant tax at the gas pump could be made to trickle back to you-know-whom and thus make everything "even Steven" is pure sophistry and abuse to the spirit of *Commonweal* [Editorial, Jan. 16].

What's wrong with rationing? I mean *really* wrong?

1. It guarantees "Mission Accomplished."

2. It's the only means by which the privileged may share the privilege even slightly of the terrible sacrifice you contemplate for the hoi polloi — to him who hasn't, none shall be taken from him.

RUTH ERNST
Advocate and Neomember
Hoi Polloi

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: In your lead editorial of Jan. 16, you propose a higher tax on gasoline as the best way to reduce to manageable proportions our dangerous dependence upon foreign oil. If high enough it should certainly do this, but such a tax would affect rich and poor very unequally, however government might try to reduce the inequality by redistributing it.

A better way would be to impose a ban on the importation of oil at more than the 1979 price, such provocative pricing to assure an immediate OPEC reaction. Against such inflexibility the OPEC nations could not long maintain their present policy of roughly indexing their oil prices to the worldwide inflation they have done so much to create.

There might ensue a period of trial for us, but it need not last long; and it would be more a matter of dislocation than of hardship: the oil we import is very much the oil we waste, not the oil we need to survive. A proper use by Washington of its power to allocate resources should assure that no one suffered more than the discomfort of reasonable restraint.

Whatever we do, we are but borrowing time. Our fossil fuels will soon be gone, our essential metals are rapidly going: quite possibly we will be without cars and planes before the fuel for them runs out. But if we remember that it is not these things that constitute civilization, we need not despair of its surviving, while there are yet sun, water, and the human mind.

CLAUDIA FLETCHER

Renaissance woman

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: The Catholic Worker movement currently occupies a unique position within the vanguard of American Catholicism. I agree with David O'Brien's assessment of Dorothy Day [Dec. 19] in that her fame will grow even greater now that she is gone.

In several conversations with Dorothy Day during the intense and violent summer of 1968, I was struck by her use of the term, "Bowery Ambassadors," to describe the sick, hungry and pathetic men who lurched about New York's lower east side. "These are the broken men of American capitalism," she noted with an empathy totally lacking in bitterness or cynicism.

When I first volunteered working in the Catholic Worker soupline I was appalled by the scattered, disorganized lack of planning and overall social effectiveness of the operation. "We are not social workers," Dorothy explained. "What you see here is very simple—we are helping the poor and feeding the hungry." I eventually learned a powerful lesson in that the overall success and efficiency of a project is precisely where the spiritual values are often lost. Why deal with disgusting winos when you can send a check to the Crusade of Mercy?

Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker people both intrigued and confused me. Here was a lady discussing St. Teresa of Avila in the same breath as draft-card-burning and tax resistance.

Discussions of her sainthood, secretly whispered even when she was alive, are perhaps still premature. What is more important is that Dorothy Day gave power to the archetype of the Renaissance Woman.

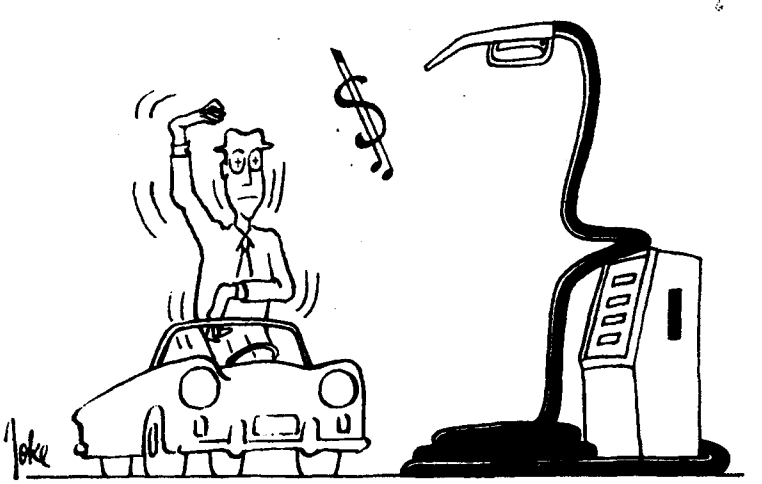
ROBERT K. KING

Get out of the way

San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editors: We are delighted to see that your editorial, "The Quality of Mercy" [Dec. 19], presented many of the findings of our new study of U.S. development aid, *Aid as Obstacle*. However, we must disagree with your conclusion that U.S. aid to the third world

(Continued on page 127)



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SOFT PATH TO THE FUTURE?

WITH MOST of the major oil companies already raising their prices twice the level the Reagan administration had foreseen before the president's January 28 "unleashing" decontrol order, Americans have their first taste of supply-sided economics. "I haven't sat down and compared bills," said one homeowner in the *New York Times* report of February 5, "because it makes me so sick." That reaction was no doubt widely shared.

This cold winter's red hot heating bills may well force many more Americans than ever before to another sort of bill-comparison: the relative costs of the still dominant "hard path" energy strategy (nuclear plants, domestic oil field development, and synthetic fuels) and the environmentalist's "soft path" course—conservation, technical efficiency improvements, reliance on renewable energy sources like sun, wind, water, and farm and forestry wastes, and a technology scaled to the quality of energy needed for specific tasks so as to minimize the costs of conversion and transmission. Environmentalists have argued all along that if controls were lifted on oil and gas it would dawn on us that the soft path would produce more energy faster and cheaper than investments in strip-mining coal, new oil and gas fields, or synthetic fuels. If true, the argument is enormously appealing.

The wave of the future, then, may be something like what's happening in Franklin County, Massachusetts. A few years ago in this poorest county in the state, some far-sighted worriers figured out that the county was annually paying out to Venezuela the sum of $23 million for energy. For the average household there that amounted to $1300 a year. They also calculated that at the lowest official forecast of energy needs and prices by the year 2000, the average household would be spending $5300 in today's dollars for fuel. The local Chamber of Commerce saw the handwriting on the wall: "impossible; we can't do that." With apocalypse staring them in the face, the county embarked on a program to weatherize buildings, install passive and active solar heat, run cars on methanol from the yield of unused public forests, and supply electricity needs with the county's own wind and small-scale hydro resources. The unemployment rolls, the underemployed machine shops, would supply labor and the machinery needed. It wouldn't be cheap (about $23 million a year), but the dollars, the jobs, and the multiplier effects would end up in Franklin County, not Venezuela.

Soft-path technocrats like Amory Lovins, the source of this report, love to tell stories like this—which herald local community-based initiatives, a lack of federal intervention, and free market small entrepreneurship. The ideals here, so close to President Reagan's own, do not charm big labor, which wants permanent union-wage jobs rather than cottage industry. Nor do such stories impress advocates of the urban poor, people who must live in leaky rented apartments so long as tenant groups, or landlords, don't get state or federal help to weatherize, set up windmills

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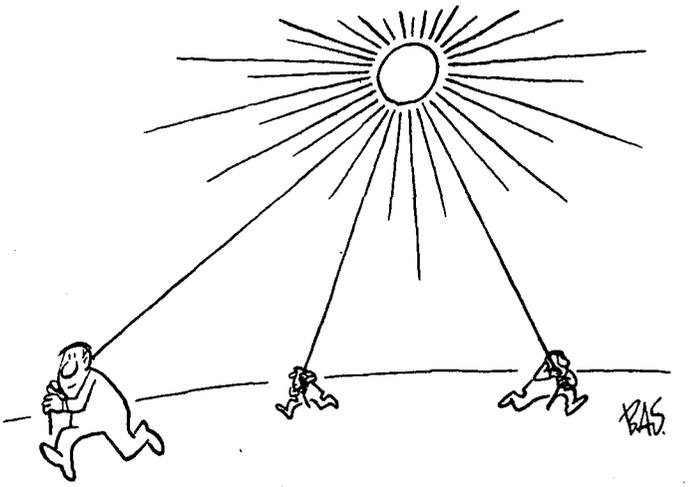
or solar reflectors. (A state and federal program to employ union labor in weatherizing notoriously inefficient commercial buildings might turn some labor unions to the environmentalist camp.) But now that controls are off and the true costs of the hard path painfully evident, labor and the poor are more likely political allies for soft-path advocates. If that's to occur, however, the Robert Redfords and Clam Shell Alliances will have to do a lot more to wed their ecological concerns with the economic anxieties of the labor and social justice constituencies. For their part, big labor might recognize that the energy-related industry's promise of jobs is not all it's cracked up to be. Capital intensive, the energy industry's portion of the total work force amounts to only three percent, and lately that figure has been declining with each passing year.

The question, though, for most Americans who are not employed in the hard-technology energy industry is whether the rest of us can any longer afford the price of maintaining those jobs, or buying the product. The fastest way to reduce energy costs, say the soft-path advocates, would be a crash program to stop our extravagantly wasteful use of energy for heating and running cars. Fifty-eight percent of our energy needs go into heat; thirty-four percent goes into auto-fuel. Amory Lovins estimates that if we insulated housing in even the most elementary way over the next ten years, we'd cut the oil intake by about 2.5 million barrels a day. Were we to retire our current gas-guzzler vehicle fleet within the same period, replacing it with more fuel-efficient cars already on the market (like the Volkswagon Rabbit, or if they'd build one, a comparable Detroit model, that gets 42-45 miles a gallon), we could save 4 million barrels a day. Such savings in these two sectors alone would effectively eliminate the need for all current oil imports before any reactor or synthetic fuel plant presently planned delivered a drop—and at a tenth of the cost.

A third considerable saving, say the cost-conscious soft-pathers, would come from unfixing our supply-side gaze from the heroics of tapping dwindling oil reserves and looking at the extravagant misapplication and waste of high-quality energy like electricity. We supply thirteen percent of our energy needs with electricity, when only eight percent, things like appliances, lights, motors, subways and smelters demand it—and all of these devices could be made more efficient. About two-fifths of our current electricity goes into low temperature heating and cooling—which, observes Lovins, is like frying an egg with a forest fire. And finally, oil obviously isn't the only way to produce electricity; depending on the place and task, wind machines, industrial cogeneration, small-scale hydro, solar ponds, etc., will often do the job much cheaper than oil-gobbling power plants.

If one looks at the dramatically declining projections of how much energy we will be needing by the turn of the century, all the signs are that the soft path has actually caught on in the U.S. much faster than the major news media, with their focus on the big power industry, would suggest. In 1978, homeowning Americans spent $749 million on insulation, $1.109 billion on storm doors and windows, and guesses are that a like amount was spent in 1979 and 1980. Industry, also, has



discovered technical fixes to improve efficiency in the use of energy. Let the reference point be the 78 quads (a quad is a Quadrillion BTUs) the nation used in 1978. Due to largely technical fixes, some forecasters, like the Department of Energy's Solar Energy Research Institute, predicted last year that with a two-thirds growth in GNP by the year 2000 we'd only require 58 quads then. That's heartening news.

That figure, however, is probably contingent on a cost-conscious national energy policy, no doubt even more directed to conservation and the use of renewable energy sources than Carter's policy was. With hard-path militants like James G. Watts at Interior and the Energy Departmnent itself slated for disappearance, there is little indication Reagan will encourage, much less subsidize the weatherization or technical improvements which would cut our oil bills drastically. The incentives and subsidies, in the form of rapid depreciation and tax reductions, are likely to go into stimulating hard-path production—with no guarantee the profits therefrom won't funnel into foreign subsidiaries in Singapore and Caracas.

When the hard-path energy bill is joined to the equally steep price of not ratifying Salt II, that is, to enormously expanded defense spending, the final price may be far more than just economic bankruptcy.

SAY 'AH'

A few years ago a group of scholars met at Notre Dame to discuss a possible agenda for a Vatican Council III. Now the National Federation of Catholic Physicians' Guilds has done them one better. According to its newsletter, the NFCPG's annual business meeting passed a resolution pledging "fidelity to Pope John Paul III." Do the physicians know something we don't know? Is John Paul II looking pale?

NO CHILDREN WANTED

Last year a nationally televised TV special on the housing situation in southern California pointed up the difficulties families with children have in finding suitable rental housing in that area. "No children" seemed almost the rule; the area

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prefers childless swingers and elders. Now a recent national survey,published last July, conducted by the Institute for Social Research at the University of Michigan for the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development documents a creeping Californianism across the country. Some of the findings:

About one in four rental units are located in places which exclude families with children.

Nearly one-fourth of the nation's two-bedroom units are closed to families with one child, a third exclude families with two children and six in ten are unavailable to families with three children.

About one in five managers of single family detached rental housing will not rent to families with children.

Buildings and complexes in predominately white neighborhoods are more likely to have exclusionary policies than those in predominately black neighborhoods.

The higher the rent, the more common are restrictive policies regarding children.

The newer the complex, the more likely it is an exclusionary policy is in effect. The study documents a trend. No-children policies are typically found in complexes built during the 1970s. And the trend is accelerating. Whereas one out of three units built in the 1970s are located in buildings refusing children, one in six units in complexes built prior to 1975 excluded children at that time.

The study also pointed out some interesting discrepancies between the attitudes of managers and the attitudes of childless renters. Over one-half of the managers surveyed believe families without children are bothered by neighbors with children, but this proportion is much higher than the proportion of renters living near children who actually complain of being bothered. Further, of renters without children, the preference for an exclusionary policy affects only one out of four—and even of those who moved to a complex because of a no-children rule, more than four in five said they would stay put were children to be allowed in. The final irony: whereas managers in buildings that do not accept children are most likely to find children a nuisance, the least likely to say there are problems in renting to families with children are managers of buildings who accept children without limitation. Reflect on that one for a minute.

One thing is clear here: as inflated home costs and and interest rates compel more young families to rent rather than buy their own homes, the choices facing families with children are becoming limited.

Of several minds: *Thomas Powers*

SIGNS OF WAR

IS IT TIME TO MOVE TO NEW ZEALAND?

I MET a woman, some years ago, who had a number tattooed on her forearm. She served coffee in her living room on a kibbutz near the Sea of Galilee. I didn't ask about the number. A relative had sketched in the story. Her family had planned to leave but didn't move quickly enough. History has a way of catching you by surprise. She turned sixteen in Auschwitz. I often think about her when I am talking with my friend R. in New York.

Early last year R. worried that things were slipping out of control. He thought he smelled war in the air. It wasn't just the hostage crisis in Iran, then in the first bloom of impasse, or the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. It was the little stories, some only two or three paragraphs long, which he read in the *Times*: a report of Russian troop concentrations on the northern border of Iran, American fleet movements, the basing of Russian aircraft along the southwestern border of Afghanistan, far from the areas where rebels were active, close to Iran, close to the Gulf. Worst was the story anonymously quoting U.S. military officials to the effect there was little the Americans could do if the Russians decided to move; the choices pretty much came down to acquiescence, or the use of tactical nuclear weapons. My friend R. got a passport and seriously thought of taking his family to New Zealand.

But this isn't the sort of move you can arrange in a day. It is very difficult to tell when a "critical situation" — an arena of danger bristling with chances for war — has reached a point where actual hostilities are imminent. Things which might lead to war usually don't. Things which do can be so inconsequential, at first, they escape notice. Before the shooting starts there is always a chance things might be settled peacefully. After the shooting starts, it's too late. I argued with R. that no one had more than one guess in him. If you guessed wrong and then spent three weeks at great expense cooling your heels in an Auckland hotel you'd never regain the confidence in your own judgment to guess boldly again. Odds are, the next time you'd be too skeptical, too hopeful, and too late. In the event, R. never went beyond getting a passport. He's still thinking about moving to New Zealand permanently, but for the moment is busy with other things. The air has cleared, and he feels safe.

But that leaves the problem of how to tell when a war is about to begin. This is not something which has been much discussed in print. The literature of war concerns itself, for the most part, with military history. The shelves of libraries are groaning with tomes recounting the progress of armies in minute detail. These books, however interesting, always remind me of E. M. Forster's remark that the appeal of novels is the implicit question: and then? and then? Military histories have a similar narrative line: first the generals did this, and then they did that, until finally the generals on one side could do no more. Such histories recount our collective experience of war, but they

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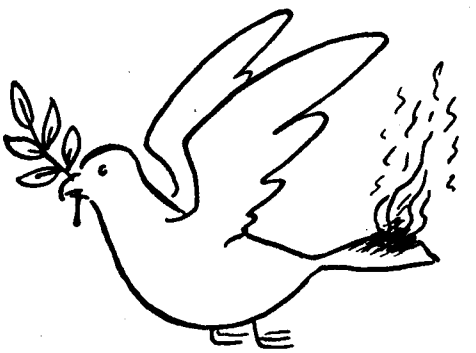
fail to close with war as a thing, war as a kind of behavior. In the spirit of Clausewitz they treat war as a rational endeavor (even when foolishly conducted) — the pursuit of policy by other means. They suggest that war becomes increasingly unlikely as sensible men see less and less hope of winning something worth the candle from a recourse to arms. It follows that when there is no hope of success there is no chance of war.

But the history of particular wars is replete with disastrous miscalculations, wars in which high feeling swept away all sense of proportion and restraint, wars blundered into, wars embarked upon in a mood of almost suicidal despondency. The thing which makes war possible is not reason for it, but capacity for it. Wherever we find armies we must assume that in some circumstances they will go to war. But which?

There is not much to be gained by describing all the situations which might lead to war — the mixture of oil and anarchy in the Persian Gulf, say, or the isolation of Berlin, or the great empty place where Russian and Chinese armies stare at each other across a mythical line in the earth — because there are so many of them, because each one is so factually complex, and because such situations offer only a possible occasion for war, without requiring it. There is too much variety and surprise in human affairs for us to predict the moment of war solely by examining in detail the sources of animosity. War is not what comes after the equals sign in an equation. What distinguishes war from peace is a sudden and dramatic increase in willingness to both suffer and inflict injury. Peace is careful, war profligate. The catalytic element, then — the thing one must watch for — is mood, a change in feeling, a conviction the only way out is forward. In our century — and especially in our half of our century — a decision for war must be a desperate thing. If we listen for that note, we may be able to hear war coming.

The theory I'm working from here is that a major war between great powers will be the result of a kind of self-entrapment. Nations are active creatures; they cannot sit still. When they are big enough to act freely they are continually seeking advantage — a new alliance here, the right to patrol an international strait there, the replacement of a hostile government by a friendly one, exclusive commercial rights, the military embarrassment of opponents with the aid of proxies, the intimidation of neighbors, the secret shipment of arms to the enemies of an opponent's ally, and so on. Peace is not the absence of strife, just strife of a quieter kind — a restless tugging and shoving. But these initiatives always run the risk of being too successful, and thus eliciting a response on a higher level, a kind of raising of the ante. Because power has an intangible side — the qualities of will which lend weight to words, the stuff of prestige — matters of small importance in themselves may loom suddenly large. It is only necessary for one side to insist things are going to be this way, rather than that. Once committed, great powers do not like to back down. Most of the important Cold War crises have been affairs of this sort — the



struggle of rivals over matters which would have seemed small, even trivial, if they had not involved questions of intangible will. This suggests that the essence of a war-precipitating crisis is a confrontation in which the possible outcomes progressively narrow to failure, or a step in the direction of war — a raising of the ante — as a sign of determination. It is the sort of thing, on an international scale, which we might describe, if individuals were involved, as getting into a pickle. This seems the most likely way a big general war might begin now, not only because we get about halfway into a pickle every few years, and sometimes oftener, but also because the weapons we have acquired for such a war are so frankly terrifying it is hard to imagine anyone deliberately choosing to use them, until he felt himself back flat up to the wall.

The first stage of a pre-war crisis, then, is closing — the coming together of two sides in a dispute. The point at issue might be one of either actual or symbolic substance. Western access to oil in the Persian Gulf (or Poland's allegiance to the Warsaw Pact) would be an example of the former, Berlin (or Cuba) of the latter. My own feeling is that the relative importance of the point at issue would not be as significant as the fact of closing, accompanied by an atmosphere of crisis.

The second stage would be deadlock — the announcement of mutually conflicting claims. At that point hopes for a peaceful settlement depend on one or both sides surrendering goals in whole or in part. Each side hopes the other will back down first. It is primarily danger which would make one or both sides think twice. This offers a risky opportunity to the more resolute of the two. Determination may carry the day, as it did for the United States over Cuba in 1962, but it also raises the stakes, for the simple reason that backing down gets harder to do (and costs more politically), the longer it is put off.

The third stage would follow the issuance of an ultimatum — a clear and unambiguous warning to the other side not to do something, or to do something. The latter, requiring a positive act, is inherently more provocative. One can always pretend to decline to do something for reasons of one's own. But to *do* something, to walk alone across the stage with the whole world watching . . . ! At this point those thinking about New Zealand would be wise to book passage. An ultimatum is equally hard to accept, and to take back. Issuing an ultimatum serves as earnest of implacable resolution, but it doesn't leave an opponent much room to maneuver. In the past an ultimatum was often little more than a formality, a kind of prelude to hostilities. In 1962 Kennedy issued an ultimatum to Khrushchev but he was careful to call it by another name, and he made it clear privately he neither wanted war, nor intended to exploit a Russian retreat. Even so, war,

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for a short time, was not far away.

The fourth stage would follow a shot fired in anger. At that point the planes to New Zealand would be filled.

It is entirely possible that all four stages of a war-precipitating crisis might occur in secret, making it difficult for an ordinary reader of newspapers to sense the growing desperation of the situation. Before Kennedy announced his blockade of Cuba in 1962 journalists had only the vaguest sense something was up, and no sense of its seriousness. Kennedy's advisers at one point favored a surprise attack on the Russian missile sites. If this advice had been accepted, the first sign of war would have been an act of war. Kennedy wisely shrank from so bold an initiative, and it is likely, but not certain, that future crises will follow a similar pattern.

In any event an ordinary citizen might see war coming only if he has a sensitive ear for that note of the desperate characteristic of a government under severe stress. Background stories in the media and wild fluctuations in the financial markets would tell us little. Reports of troop movements, especially those which close forces, would tell us more. But it is the small things which might tell us most. Complete isolation of the president and his main advisers would be an alarming sign, and perhaps the clearest signal of all would be any report of emotional agitation in public by an important official — a cracking voice, trembling hands, an outburst of irrational anger, weeping, etc. Reporters do not mention such things, even in the twentieth paragraph, unless they are dramatic and unmistakable. If I were planning on leaving for New Zealand, that sort of thing would probably send me to the airport.

But I am not at all certain we would see war coming, even if every step towards it were of the sort which in retrospect would appear to be clear, logical, and progressive. For one thing, it is hard to accept the imminence of an event which arouses deep fear. For another, things can happen so quickly. If the distance from the onset of crisis to deadlock were imaged as a mile, the distance from deadlock to ultimatum might be a thousand yards; from ultimatum to a shot fired in anger, 100 yards; from a shot fired in anger to the first use of a nuclear weapon, 10 yards; and from first use of a nuclear weapon to general war, three feet. This is only intended to suggest that tension accelerates the process. For those planning on refuge in New Zealand, it might be wise to anticipate — to behave as you would if a crisis had already proceeded to the next stage.

But there are arguments for another approach. When I talk about this with R. I remember the woman with the tattoo on her forearm. Her home in Israel was not far from the Syrian border. The sound of the guns had been clearly audible in 1973. The children of the kibbutz had been moved into a deep shelter covered by a great mass of broken rock held together by several layers of chicken wire. They slept there every night until the war ended. The woman with the tattoo had relatives in Canada; she might have left. But she had already been driven from one home, and did not intend to abandon another. It might be said that she had passed the point where she worried first about herself personally. There is sense in that, too.

THOMAS POWERS

Of several minds: *John Garvey*

DEAD OR ALIVE

WHAT THE FAMOUS MEAN TO US

THE MURDER of John Lennon was terrible, for reasons which are obvious, but the reaction to his death was eerily unrelated to any particular life. The news media uncovered clichés which had been kept under wraps since Elvis Presley's death — "His songs spoke for a generation," "Each one of us died a little when the music died," that sort of thing — and there were interviews, too many of them, with teary young people who testified to their undying commitment to all the stuff John stood for, whatever it was. John Lennon's family and the people who really knew him suffered a loss they will live with until they die; but the public ceremonies, the vigils outside the Dakota, gatherings in parks all over the world — that was something else again.

I found it hard to see what made Lennon's death more important, more interesting from the news media's point of view, than anyone else's death. It isn't that all deaths affect us the same way. Absolute objectivity about death would lead either to a cold heart or to constant, paralyzing grief. But it was strange to see people who wouldn't weep for their grandparents' death dissolving in grief over a man they had never met.

A friend accused me of elitism when I mentioned this. His point was that some people — John XXIII, J.F.K., Picasso, Elvis — symbolize whole ways of looking at the world to a great many people, and when they die the symbols are shaken. If people react strongly to such deaths it is insensitive not to appreciate what they are going through, however unaffected you might be personally.

I think I know what he means, and I remain guilty of whatever sin is involved in lacking this appreciation. But his point is interesting: our connection with the lives and deaths of famous people is so much in the air, so completely pervasive, that we fail to see how strange it is.

The system which makes people celebrities is not a simple thing. It is easy to find something weird in the sight of a woman wearing a small picture of Elvis on a chain, like a religious amulet; but wearing a button with a politician's name on it may be the same thing. In both cases someone famous is unreasonably invested with unrealizable hope. Some lives are supposed to have more meaning, more significance than our own, or the lives of other ordinary people. A journalist told me, and he was not kidding, that he lost his faith in God when

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John F. Kennedy was shot — as if no one in the world had ever died before, as if death itself were news to him.

The spectacle that happens around deaths like Lennon's or Kennedy's is not like ordinary mourning at all. Nor is it unique to our culture. In many societies mourning for public figures is an instant and noisy skill. The czar and his family occupied a place in pre-revolutionary Russia which was a lot like the place our culture reserves for famous entertainers and the few politicians who interest us.

This is something like voodoo. During voodoo ceremonies the gods who possess certain members of the congregation (who are "ridden by the god," like horses) have predictable personalities: they can be mischievous, benign, aloof, sinister. The person who is possessed takes on the god's characteristics, even down to speech patterns and intonations. Thousands of beauticians compare themselves to the women on *Dallas* and *Charlie's Angels* and try hard to look like them; those goofy-looking Bo Derek corn rows were all the rage for awhile; when Clark Gable took off his shirt in *It Happened One Night* and revealed the startling fact that he was not wearing an undershirt, undershirt sales plummeted; John F. Kennedy didn't wear a hat, and hat sales took a dive. We all have a repertory of learned responses. Some of them are learned from heroes, who function for us as minor gods of a sort.

We know only two sets of people: the ones we really know, our families, friends, and other acquaintances; and we know celebrities. These are the only faces we recognize. Everyone else is a stranger. In the checkout line at the supermarket we know the face of Mary Tyler Moore or Mother Teresa on the cover of a magazine, but the person ahead of us, the person who is about to buy the magazine, is a stranger — we don't know that face, we may never see it again. There is a strange intimacy between us and these famous people who don't know us, though we know them, in a shallow way. We recognize their faces, and sometimes know a few facts about them, who they are or were married to, where they are from, their hobbies. Celebrities are different from the people we live with. They are rounded off and complete. They are easier to have clear ideas about, less complicated, and unless they hold political office we can't be hurt by them. They are like dolls for grown-ups to play with, talk to, and dream about. When I worked for a publishing company I got a letter from a woman who wrote books about the people she saw on television: would we be interested, she wondered, in publishing a novel about Starsky and Hutch?

Our way of loading human beings with special significance has obvious political and moral resonances. The belief that the Kennedy family is Very Special in a way the Schwartz family is not will puzzle those Martian anthropologists we keep expecting. The Kennedy family's main attraction could come down to the fact that they don't live next door. That makes a difference: it allows Teddy and Joan's divorce to be an Event, where the Schwartz divorce is just a mess. If he were working in the office next to yours, a man with Henry Kissinger's ambition would look like John Dean or Sammy Glick. Hang a few reporters around his neck, let him croon some inside dope to them, give him a patron like Nelson Rockefeller, and this sweaty fellow becomes basically different from the rest of us. Why do we assume that people who desire power are not every bit as contaminated by pride, self-interest, insecurity, and resentment as we are? We assent to their rule over our lives, despite the fact that their desire to exercise authority probably means that they are more driven by unexamined and dark forces than the rest of us. The celebrity is often even less able than the ordinary insecure human being to exist easily without praise or approval. There is a need for such people, apparently, or *People* and other magazines would not exist: we want, not just heroes, but even villains, people whose gigantic lives, unlike ours, *mean* something.

The hostages are our latest celebrities. They are ordinary men and women who got caught in a moment which happened because of the stupidity of their leaders. Our joy over their release and the happiness we feel for them and for their families is made to coexist with the fakery poured all over them by the media. They have been made symbols of America's spirit, its humiliation and triumph over its enemies, its basic decency (look how we all turned out to welcome them — doesn't that say something nice about us?) and its national will. These people have been transformed into symbols of America's absolute righteousness, which is as silly a myth on the right as America's guilt is on the left. In an excellent *New York Times* op ed piece Michael Harrington took a clear view of the situation: "When four American women — three nuns and a lay missionary — were murdered in El Salvador last month, there was no sense of outrage comparable to that expressed over the hostages' captivity. There are obvious psychological reasons for that difference, but in moral — and even patriotic — terms, the lives of those women, taken by right-wing terrorists, should be as important to us as the captivity of the hostages. Yet even as the anger against the bad barbarians of Iran mounted, Washington was moving to support the good barbarians of Latin America." We have invested the hostages with a significance we need to find in them; but I shouldn't say "we" — this significance has been offered to us by other people. Our involvement begins when we buy it as true. In any case, it isn't far removed from the significance we heap into the campaigns of politicians we believe in, or the stars whose lives seem so much more interesting than our own.

But even dead gods get tired of the burdens we place on them. I have this on very good authority. One afternoon at a bookstore I picked up *Elvis Presley Speaks* by Hans Holzer (Manor Books, $2.25). Elvis talked from that gray world spiritualists believe in to Hans Holzer, a man who writes about haunted places and famous dead people, and he used a medium named Dorothy Sherry as his mouthpiece. Here is the exchange I liked best:

"H.H.: I would like to know, just before his passing, what led to his final moments. Was there a lack of reality—

"D.S.: He doesn't want to talk about it."

JOHN GARVEY

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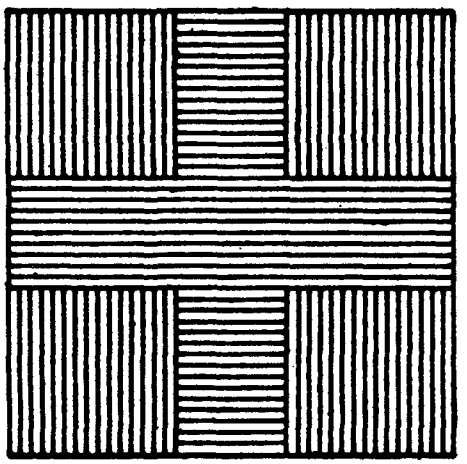

ONE INDIVIDUAL'S ACCOUNT OF FAITH

Letter to a student

GEORGE H. DUNNE

DEAR WALLY,

At long last I shall attempt to reply to the questions you put to me many months ago. I think you understand that the long delay was the consequence of the heart attack which incapacitated me for many months. I am flying again, but only on two motors. The third motor is dead. And so to your questions.

You ask: "What convinced you of the existence of God? Or were you never unconvinced?" The answer is that I was never unconvinced. It is a matter of faith and this was, as it were, born with me. I was born into a believing family. My father and mother were both deeply convinced and practicing Catholics. Although my father died when I was only seven years old, his memory and example, kept alive by my mother, undoubtedly contributed to my own faith.

But why did I never become unconvinced? I think the answer is that I am by nature quite skeptical. I do not believe easily. This may sound like a paradox, but in fact it seems to me that the credulous person is the unbeliever. When I look at all the wonders in this world, in this universe, from the marvels of inorganic nature to the extraordinary mystery of life in all its manifestations, from the simplest to the most complex; when I reflect upon the wonders of space and its galaxies, I find that I am insufficiently credulous to believe that all this is the result of mere chance, that there is no intelligence behind it. I am skeptical in the face of such a claim.

There is a verse in the 138th psalm of the Old Testament of which I am fond. The psalmist addressed God: "It is you who formed me, who wove me in my mother's womb; I give you thanks for such a wonder; what a marvel am I! How marvelous are your works!"

"What a marvel am I!" From his lowest to his highest functions, from the organs that control the digestive system to the human brain, what a marvel is man. And not only man, but life in all its manifestations. Every morning the sparrows come to my window-sill—they are there now—for the crumbs of cheese and bread I leave for them. I find the manifestations of life in these little creatures extraordinary. And in the springtime to watch them feeding their young, first in the nest and then teaching them to fly with them to my window-sill to be fed. What marvels are they. In the springtime too I am always in awe as I watch the extraordinary activity of bees. What marvels are they. And so on with life in all its forms and manifestations.

When I was in the hospital one day I saw two cats outside my window. They were copulating. I thought, what a marvel is sex. That out of union of two tiny microscopic cells, gametes I think they are called, a new life is created, develops, is born, grows to maturity and so the species is perpetuated. Life continues.

Marvelous too are the wonders of inorganic nature in which Teilhard de Chardin, among many others, saw the handiwork of God. When I lived in Arizona I used on occasion to drive up one of the local mountains and sit in the car looking out and down upon the utter silence and stillness of the desert in which I seemed to feel the presence of God. One of the astronauts described walking on the moon as a profoundly religious experience. Perhaps it was something like that.

The late Pope Paul VI, near the end of his life and quite aware that the end was approaching, wrote for his own reflection a meditation upon death. In one section he says what I have just tried to say above, but far more effectively and eloquently:

"As far as I am concerned," he wrote, "I should like at the end to have a kind of vision, a summing up of the world and of life. I think it should be an expression of gratitude. Everything has been gift, everything has been grace. . . . Despite its pains, its obscure mysteries, its sufferings, its inevitable decay, this

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mortal life is something very beautiful, a prodigy always original and moving, an event which deserves to be chanted in joy and glory: life, the life of man.

"No less worthy of joyful wonderment is the frame in which the life of man is set. This immense world, mysterious, magnificent, this universe with its thousands of energies, its thousands of laws, its thousands of beauties, its thousands of profundities. What a fascinating image!

"What infinite prodigality! We are moved by this reflection to regret that we have not sufficiently admired this setting, nor as much as they deserved the marvels of nature, the astonishing riches of the macrocosm and the microcosm. . . .

"At least at the last moment I cannot but recognize that this world 'which was made by him' is marvelous. Indeed, in my last instant I salute You and with immense admiration sing thanks. Everything is gift. Behind life, behind nature, behind the universe, there is intelligence, and then, I say it in this *adieu* (because it is You who have revealed it to us, Lord) there is Love."

ONE MAY SAY, of course, that this is all the result of an evolutionary force. I would not argue with that; but I would then say that this must be an intelligent force, which we call God, or that it is a force created by and set in motion by an intelligence, which we call God. One may say that the argument from order in the universe is not a conclusive proof of the existence of God. I said earlier that "it is a matter of faith." But, as I see it, the faith required to believe that these marvels are the result of blind chance is far greater than the faith required to believe in the existence of God. It becomes credulity. There are two more observations I should like to make, nevertheless, before moving on to your next question.

The first is that belief in the existence of God leaves unanswered many questions relating to the problem of evil. This is a problem which philosophers of all beliefs and unbeliefs have wrestled with since man first began to ponder the ultimate questions. None of them, in my opinion, has succeeded in finding an entirely satisfying answer.

Just last week a few miles from here four mothers of families were killed in a brutal auto accident, leaving a total of fifteen orphaned children. The bishop who preached at their joint funeral service was unable to answer the question. Nor can I. Still, I can more easily fit these disasters into the context of belief in the existence of God, than I can fit the marvels of the world into the context of belief in the non-existence of God.

The other observation is this: That God exists is one thing. What God is, is quite another. I have no doubt about the former. I know nothing about the latter. Unless I am mistaken, St. Thomas Aquinas pointed out that all our concepts of God are negative. We say that he is infinite. That is simply to deny that he has limitations. No one can form a positive concept of what infinity is. I do not think it would be difficult to lose one's mind trying to form a positive concept of infinity, or of any of the attributes we attribute to God.

In my judgment, this unknowability of God accounts largely for the Incarnation in which, according to Christian belief, God joined himself to human nature in the person of Jesus Christ. It has always been part of Christian belief-that God became Man in Jesus Christ to redeem us from our sins. I accept that. God knows, the multitude of our sins clamors for redemption. But I also believe that its purpose was to make it possible for man to know the unknowable, to express the inexpressible, to attain the unattainable, through Jesus Christ.

NOW TO MOVE on to your next question: "Was there some moment of enlightenment (satori) that transformed your life?" The answer to this is yes. I have never told anyone of this experience, not even my mother. I have decided, since you put the question directly, to tell you. I do so with a certain reluctance, first because it is a very personal thing, and secondly because it is not possible to describe adequately.

I had long known just what I intended to do in life. I intended to be a lawyer. I had done well in law school, accumulating quite a collection of gold medals which it was then the custom to award for academic excellence. I was on a competitive level with the best of my classmates, several of whom later became members of the bench and one a member of the California Supreme Court. I was not entirely satisfied, however, and had decided after graduation to find means to go to Harvard University for further studies in law. There were some problems. The chief one, not insolvable, was that at the time I was, with another young man, co-owner, publisher, and editor of a weekly community newspaper in Los Angeles. We would have to sell the paper, because my partner, whose talents were on the business side rather than the editorial side, did not want to carry on if I left. He also had other prospects in view.

At this point another factor entered the equation. On a trip to San Francisco with the law school debating team, I met and fell in love with a girl who lived in that city. I lived in Los Angeles. In those days the distance from Los Angeles to San Francisco was equivalent in terms of traversability to two or three thousand miles. On this very trip when I met the girl, Kathy Hanley, I recall that thanks to bad roads and flat tires it took us 36 hours to drive from San Francisco to Los Angeles—and in a Cadillac, vintage 1924 or 1925. Today one flies it in an hour or drives it in seven.

As my fondness for Kathy grew, nourished chiefly by correspondence, I decided I did not want to go to Harvard, but wanted to go to the University of California law school which was just a short ferry trip across the bay from San Francisco.

I was not notably religious. I had, however, always maintained the habit formed in childhood no matter what the hour or the misdeeds of the night of kneeling down before going to bed and reciting some prayers. So I added to my evening prayers a petition that things would work out so that I could go to the University of California—and Kathy. One night, as I began this petition, a totally black screen suddenly descended between me and what I was asking. I could not continue with the prayer. It remained on the other side of that screen which I could not penetrate. It is impossible to describe, but was an extraordinary psychic experience. This happened night after night over a period of weeks, leaving me increasingly bewil-

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dered. Finally I changed the petition and began to ask for light to know if I should, as formerly planned, go to Harvard. No go. The same black curtain descended every night. Once more I changed the petition, adding as an alternative possibility staying in Los Angeles, keeping the newspaper and practicing law at the same time. No go. Always the black curtain descended.

All this time I had been praying, first for grace to do what I wanted to do and then for grace to choose between alternatives proposed by me. Now, in a kind of desperation, I began to pray for grace to know what *God* wanted me to do. The experience took a sudden, unwanted, and dramatic turn. Against the black screen there suddenly appeared something like a light at the end of a long black tunnel, and the light said, or spelled, or somehow communicated the idea "priest." The idea of becoming a priest was farthest from my thoughts. It had not entered my mind. It was the last thing in the world I wanted to do. I was scared out of my wits. I immediately broke off my prayer and did not return to it for several days. When I did the same thing happened. Time and again, terrified at the idea of giving up everything my heart was set upon, I fled; but always eventually felt driven to return. Until finally, as the light grew stronger, I began to pray: "If this is what *you* want me to do, give me the grace to do it." It was a long battle and I resisted fiercely; but finally one night I surrendered. I said: "I'll do it." The battle was over And I have never had a doubt since that I had received an invitation from God as real as that of Christ to the young man in the Gospel story: "Go, sell all that you have, give it to the poor, and follow me." My following of Christ has been far from perfect, a path strewn with infidelities, but I have never doubted that the call was real.

We sold the newspaper. En route to the Jesuit novitiate I spent a night in San Francisco with Kathy's family. She and I went to the cinema and held hands. I tried to explain what had happened. She said she understood. I think she did. She visited me once at the novitiate with the sister of a fellow novice and we sat on a bench in the garden and made inconsequential talk. Twenty or more years later as a priest, I called upon her. She had been married twice—both times to the same man!—and had several children. It was a pleasantly nostalgic evening.

Altogether apart from the ordinary struggles associated with any effort to lead a celibate life, my life as a Jesuit, apart from the early and now the twilight years, has been a turbulent one. Some twenty-five years ago the *Nation* magazine carried a profile story about me. I had debated, in print and once at the lectern at Harvard Law School with its anti-Catholic editor, Paul Blanshard. On the other hand, the *Nation* was familiar with some of the troubles I had had with superiors, bishops, and cardinals, to say nothing of racists and motion picture producers. So they wondered why I not only remained in the priesthood, the Jesuit order, and the church, but why, as in the case of Paul Blanshard, I defended the church against her critics. I could not tell their writer the real reason, which he would not have understood, and which was quite simply the experience I have tried to describe. I did indeed, following one crisis which I found, as the Irish say "too much of a much," think seriously of leaving the Jesuits, but never the priesthood.

A non-believing psychiatrist would perhaps have another theory to explain what had induced me to renounce everything I had planned and desired to do with my life to do the last thing in the world I wanted to do—become a priest. He would not convince me. To me the experience was so real, and remains vividly so more than a half century later, and so evidently supernatural that nothing, not contradictions or frustrations, neither powers nor principalities, to use the words of St. Paul, neither superiors, bishops, or cardinals, have managed to raise a doubt in my mind that this is what God wanted me to do, however badly I have done it.

YOU NEXT ASK a question which you say is "most difficult to answer: What gives meaning to your life? How do you maintain a sense of meaning?" The question does not seem, at least in my own case, that difficult to answer. Like almost everything else that has happened in my life in the course of the fifty-three years which have since passed, it is related directly to what, using your terminology, I have called my *satori*.

That experience registered in my deepest consciousness, and has remained so ever since, as an unmistakable call to forswear everything else and follow Christ. After a tremendous struggle with myself, I finally resolved, unlike the young man in the Gospel story, to answer the call. That, except, to be sure, for my many sins, is what I have been trying to do ever since. That is what gives meaning to my life. I have admitted that the path has been strewn with failures and infidelities; but the general direction has remained the same. That is what makes it meaningful to me.

You see, Wally, to one who believes, Christ is not simply an historical personage who lived some two-thousand years ago, died, and was buried. On the contrary, in the words of the ancient Nicene creed, he "died and was buried. And on the third day he rose again." This belief is central to the Christian faith. As St. Paul wrote—even before the Gospels were written—"if Christ has not been raised, then your faith is a delusion and you are still lost in your sins . . . If our hope in Christ is good for this life only, and no more, then we deserve more pity than anyone else in the world." I have said before that faith hinges upon what one believes about Jesus Christ. If Christ does not live, then, as St. Paul aptly observes, the entire edifice of faith collapses and life becomes, as it seems to Jean Paul-Sartre and others, an absurdity.

The simple words of the old catechism for the instruction of children give the meaning of life as "to know God, to love him and to serve him in this life, and to be happy with him in the next." That sums it up, however simply. I have several times said that God is unknowable; but I have also said that one of the purposes of the Incarnation was to make him knowable through Jesus Christ. We know him, love him and serve him in and through Christ. And we serve Christ by serving his brethren. "Whatever you do to one of my least brethren, you do to me." I think this is the key to an authentic Christian and meaningful life.

Not everyone obviously is called to follow Christ in the

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same way. The cloistered Carmelite nuns here in the monastery where I live, inspired by love for Christ, devote themselves in obscurity to lives of humble work and prayer, in large measure prayer for their fellow men and women. Mother Teresa of Calcutta, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace, follows Christ in a life totally dedicated to easing the pain and the loneliness of the most abandoned of the poor in the teeming urban wildernesses of the world. Husbands and wives serve Christ by loving and supporting each other and their children. The scientist alone in his laboratory may serve Christ by extending the frontiers of human knowledge. And so on and so on, with scarcely a limit to the number of ways in which men and women serve their neighbor and in doing so, wittingly or no, follow Christ.

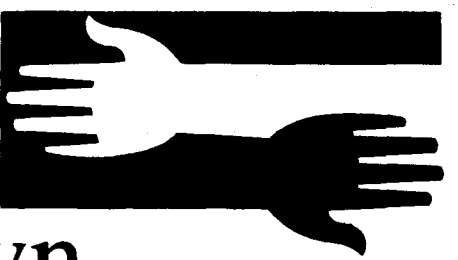
Many of these ways are modest indeed. But no less powerful and penetrating a mind than that of Teilhard de Chardin has composed some thoughtful pages, upon which I cannot at the moment lay my hand, about how the smallest acts become of transcendent importance when offered to and through Christ.

This is a great comfort to me in the twilight of my life—I am in my seventy-fifth year now—when the great battles and exciting events of earlier years are gone and forgotten. (Last year on a visit to the United States I was told by a fellow Jesuit who had known me years ago that, seeing me across the room and not recognizing me, he had asked another in the group who I was. The other had replied: "Why, that's the man who started the Black Revolution!" A wild exaggeration, of course, but I must confess it gave me a warm feeling to know that I was not completely forgotten.) Today my life consists simply in saying Mass for the Carmelite nuns and several days a week commuting into Fribourg to look after my Georgetown students at the university. In the course of my early morning hike down to the village and back, which I have resumed since recuperating from my heart attack, I unite all the deeds of the day, simple as they are, to the merits of Christ and offer them for a considerable variety of people and purposes. And that, to return to your question, gives meaning to my life.

I am afraid nothing I have written can be of help to you, Wally. I have simply tried to answer your questions about my belief and my life. Those are the questions you asked me. If I were asked: how does one who does not believe find meaning in life, I would simply have to answer: I don't know. I do not deny the possibility, but note that since, thank God, I have never found myself faced with the problem, I have never had to find an answer.

With warmest regards,
GEORGE H. DUNNE, S.J.

ANOTHER DIMENSION TO SOUTH AFRICA



The other Cape Town

ROGER M. WILLIAMS

CAPE TOWN may well be the world's most beautiful city and, if you're white and well-off, the most pleasant as well. To an American, it is San Francisco-plus: a natural setting of sandy beaches and rugged mountains and plateaus; a handsome assortment of architectural styles; a rich, cosmopolitan history that is still reflected in the leisurely pace and the variety of passing faces.

But for the last few decades, and increasingly today, there have been two Cape Towns—more precisely, two sections of the Cape Peninsula, the spur of land that briefly separates Atlantic and Indian oceans at the bottom of the African continent. Behind the mountains that frame the picturesque city lie the Cape flats—vast, dusty, monotonous, and home to several hundred thousand of the native South Africans classified as "colored."

Colored people occupy a special, and specially frustrating, patch of the racial/political crazy quilt that is South Africa. They are not, as foreigners commonly assume, products of miscegenation between whites and black Africans. Rather, they are descendants of seventeenth-century unions between Dutch and indigenous Hottentots, with the blood of assorted Bushmen, Indians, and Asians mixed in. Under apartheid the coloreds have been neither white nor black. Socially and politically, they languish in a no-man's land between the two groups that will determine the country's future.

Cape Town is their center as well as their maternal homeland. About one-third of South Africa's two-and-one-half million coloreds live in the southern reaches of the Cape province, in a swath that stretches roughly from Port Elizabeth on the east to Cape Town on the West. White Capetonians have long taken their coloreds for granted—have patronized them, protected them (from the competition of black labor), and discriminated against them. *Die bruin Afrikaners* (the brown Afrikaners), whites have called them fondly. Although the image is somewhat misleading—"coloreds" come in all shades between black and white—the colored person has acceded to the designation. Docile and orderly, he has willingly played the role assigned him under apartheid.

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That placid picture was severely shaken last spring, when coloreds in the Cape and beyond staged a long series of protest demonstrations. The demonstrations centered on rundown and generally inadequate schools, but in Cape Town they grew into a bus boycott that crippled the city for two days. South African authorities replied with their customary alacrity and only slightly less than their usual forcefulness. At least thirty-three men, women, and children were killed in scuffles with police; scores of others were injured, and an unspecified but large number were "detained"—jailed on vague charges, for indefinite terms—under the regime's draconian laws against political transgression. Although blacks joined the protests in substantial numbers, this was an effort inspired, and largely organized and manned, by colored people, particularly by teenagers on the flats above Cape Town.

Founded in 1652 as a way station of the Dutch East India Company, Cape Town is the oldest European settlement in Africa. It has lived on seaborne commerce and has thus attracted a sampling of the world's races and colors—in contrast to South Africa's interior cities, whose inhabitants are predominantly European or black African. After the stolid Dutch came the French and the British and, as transients, seafarers and travelers of many other nations. While the coloreds were regarded as a lesser breed, they received decent treatment and lived and worked among the white Capetonians. Coloreds, as well as Indians, Malays, and other non-whites, developed their own residential areas within the city. And the city itself developed a reputation for tolerance rarely found in the rest of South Africa.

THE END of all that took shape in 1948, when the National party, new to power and intent on keeping it, instituted formal apartheid. For the "Cape coloreds," as they were frequently called, apartheid brought two severe jolts. One was their removal from the common voters' roll. Male coloreds had been able to vote—for white parliamentary candidates; now, because the Nats wanted to dilute the support of their United party opponents, coloreds were disenfranchised, and have remained so. The second jolt was the passage of the Group Areas Act, which authorized the uprooting of non-whites from any area the government wants to use for other purposes. While the right to vote languished as an issue (it is only now being revived), the Group Areas Act has for three decades been a major aggravation to both coloreds and blacks.

"It has damaged the social fabric of this city more than any other apartheid measure," says Colin Eglin, the spokesman on colored affairs for the moderate Progressive Federal Party (PFP). "The act brings home to colored people every day their lack of political influence." Indeed, Group Areas has turned a city that was more than half colored into one where only a few pockets of colored people reside. In the process, it has strewn the Cape Flats with ersatz "townships" and helped greatly to create the festering condition that erupted in the boycotts.

I drove around the flats with a young colored social worker who lives there with her family. While somewhat different in appearance from Soweto, the huge black township outside Johannesburg, the flats do duplicate a number of Soweto's conditions and problems: overcrowded houses and flats; inadequate public services and facilities; and an absence of job opportunities that forces the residents to commute to the city for work. In other ways, the flats are the worse of the two locations. They are pocked by wretchedly squalid housing "camps," to which are consigned the most powerless of the Cape's non-whites; for example, Malawian immigrants who have no right to government-assisted housing. Although the flats are predominantly colored, they also contain scattered townships for blacks, Indians, and Asians. Thus the residents enjoy none of the natural cohesion that binds—and will someday galvanize—the Sowetans.

Like Soweto, the Cape Flats contain clusters of middle-class housing, complete with lawns and wall-to-wall carpeting. At one such house we talked with a colored woman who'd just been released after a six-week detention growing out of the school boycott. Apparently none the worse for her experience, the woman spoke enthusiastically of the ways in which the boycott had politicized the flats' young people: "In those weeks away from school, they organized 'awareness' programs, held political discussions in their own homes, and convinced us parents to support them."

Everyone with whom I talked agreed that parental support was a highly significant development. In 1976, when students on the flats rallied in behalf of the Soweto demonstrators, colored parents were worried and generally unsympathetic. This time, our hostess said, "a lot of parents are still worried—about the dangers involved, about the involvement of the local skollie [roughneck] crowd. But most realized how serious these youngsters were and gave them massive support." The success of the bus boycott was hard evidence of a new parental attitude. "But we knew right at the outset the parents were with the kids. The first two meetings were called for Tuesday nights. That's when *Dallas* shows on TV here, and nobody goes out then. But the halls were packed."

The school boycott was organized by a student Committee of 81, named for the 81 schools represented. When I was in Cape Town, committee leaders were refusing to talk to the press. It was clear, however, that the boycott grew out of broad feelings of colored impotence and frustration, and that they were accompanied by a strong anti-capitalist strain. "These kids," the social worker told me earnestly, "have been reading and learning. They—we—don't simply want to exchange black ways for white ways. We don't want, as they seem to in the States, to get the white man's big house. We want a society in which everybody has a fair share." The immediate goal: a non-racial, unitary school system to replace the one that spends about ten and three times as much on white pupils as on blacks and coloreds, respectively.

As we talked and rode, sight piled on depressing sight: Valhalla Park, its units like miniature barracks but without electricity and in some cases without water, its children playing around a central spigot in a bare dirt courtyard; a black area with buildings uniformly gray and grimy; the "park" for Bishop Lavis township—a large plot of sand and dirt; and the

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social worker's own apartment, upper-middle-class by Cape Flats standards, yet cramped and cheerless and lacking both hot water and a door to the tiny yard.

She and her family used to live in a Cape Town colored neighborhood, "a village, almost, where everyone knew everyone else and had a house with a little ground. Then groups of white people—council officials—came through the houses looking to see how clean we were and whether they'd even want the places. The whites who took over my cousin's family's place, started building an addition on it while the family was still there; they had to live in one room of the house for the last month." The colored residents were eventually scattered across the distant and inhospitable flats.

That was thirteen years ago. Now a handful of local activists are protesting the government takeover of District Six, largest of the city's remaining colored areas. Not that much remains to save. Four-fifths of the ten thousand families have been forced out; most of their houses have been bulldozed to make way for such whites-only amenities as a technical college and upper-middle-class housing. Although District Six was a ghetto, it was a ghetto of the coloreds' choosing, and parts of it had charm: cobbled streets, trellised verandas, sturdy and attractive turn-of-the-century houses that afforded a view of city and bay. There and elsewhere in Cape Town, the zeal of the Group Areas removers has been damped only by the fact that some 65,000 colored and Indian families await new housing.

While District Six illustrates the inhumanity of Cape Town's housing policies, the suburb of Sea Point illustrates their inanity. Sea Point is a fashionable town on the coast. Some years ago, the authorities decided that it should be all-white and that its non-white servants and other workers should commute to and from the flats on the other side of the city. The result, says Colin Eglin, whose parliamentary district includes Sea Point, is that the town is "blacker than ever: twenty thousand blacks and coloreds are living there illegally, to avoid making that daily trip. Even the ones who do commute hang around there after work. So the white elite, on its nights out, winds up rubbing shoulders with the non-white working class, and social tensions have risen noticeably."

White Cape Town has not worried over such nonsense. In the South African context, theirs is a laid-back city. "Johannesburg is totally business-oriented," says a local hotel manager, "and Durban is a holiday place. Here, they have their own style and pace of life. I've got a list of phone calls to make to suppliers this morning—reminding them that I have orders to place." The manager, who left Rhodesia before it became Zimbabwe, shakes his head over the Capetonians' attitude toward the colored situation: "They don't understand the problem. They think it will just blow away."

Part of "the problem" seems to be that Cape Town employers have made coloreds the local niggers. Both the hotel manager and a young restaurant owner with whom I spoke denigrated their colored help. "They're lazy and have no self-respect," the restaurant owner said. "I'll take a black every time. At least he knows who he is—a Xhosa or a Causa or whatever—and he has some pride." That hardly sounds like a reflection of the guilt that South African whites are said to feel toward coloreds, as *bruin Afrikaners* who share their language and blood. "The whites do feel guilty," A.W. Heard, editor of the *Cape Times,* assured me, "but they don't know what to do about it. If they enfranchised the coloreds, the National party would lose about seven seats to the PFP."

Nevertheless, the National regime of P.W. Botha has been playing sweet overtures to colored political leaders. Nat spokesmen periodically proclaim the "interdependence" of whites and coloreds, and Botha himself has predicted that coloreds will eventually be "assimilated" into the white community. Botha's assimilation does not include a return to the common voters' rolls. "What did they gain when they were on the rolls?" the prime minister demanded not long ago. "They remained in their slums, and their education was still backward . . . [they] were exploited in every election." Instead of a real vote, Botha would grant coloreds the right to elect their own local councils and, through a power-sharing arrangement under white control, their own parliament.

This scheme, denounced by virtually every credible colored leader, is widely regarded as a transparent effort to isolate the lone threat to perpetual white control—the majority blacks. (To that end also, Indians and Asians would be given similar privileges.) Throw them a political bone, while eliminating apartheid's petty irritations, the regime seems to feel, and those South Africans who are neither black or nor white will cast their lot with the whites.

Perhaps they will eventually. But the present trend among coloreds, at both the leadership and grass-roots levels, indicates that they consider themselves more black than white. In proclamations by activists, the term "colored" scarcely still exists; it has been subsumed under "black." The Labor party, strongest by far of the colored political organizations, has been openly contemptuous of most attempts to distinguish between the two groups. At the party's annual conference last year, delegates sported tee shirts honoring Steve Biko, the martyred "black consciousness" leader, and shouted the black power slogan, *Amanda Awethlu.*

Yet the coloreds are rising on tiptoes for a political kiss that may not be delivered. Black leaders are in no hurry to make a firm political alliance with any group so small that it may prove irrelevant in the South African showdown. In addition, blacks have long regarded coloreds with a suspicion verging on hostility, that is, as crypto-Afrikaners who suffer far fewer restrictions under apartheid. (Unlike blacks, coloreds can own property, and they are subject neither to being stuck away in racial "homelands" nor to carrying police state-style identification passes.) In the Cape province, black resentment has been heightened by job preference statutes that favor coloreds at their expense.

Colored leaders take pains to minimize these distinctions. David Curry, national chairman of the Labor party, points out that the right to own property makes coloreds all the more vulnerable under the Group Areas Act. As for job preference, he says empathically, "We don't want that. We're for putting the best people in the jobs." Curry made a claim that my other

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colored contacts echoed: The separation of coloreds from blacks is "artificial," a product of apartheid rather than of innate differences between the two groups.

While that claim makes some sense, it does not wholly explain the uncertain state of black-colored affairs. Nor does it significantly mitigate the gravity of the coloreds' social and political predicament. The blacks, as David Curry himself says, "resent us—I would too if I were one of them." And the whites, whatever their guilt feelings, seem determined either to ignore coloreds or to manipulate them for the purpose of shoring up defenses against a black onslaught.

White Cape Town, meanwhile, still prefers ignorance to manipulation. "Most of us," editor Heard remarks, "don't want to be *too* well informed." So the beautiful city drifts serenely onward, while man-made thunder rumbles behind the mountains.

WHOSE NEWS?
THE THIRD WORLD IS DIVIDED

For several years Western industrial nations have been clashing with third-world representatives over a proposed "New International Information Order" (NIIO). In 1978, a commission headed by Irish statesman Sean McBride concluded that international news reporting neglects third-world concerns and reinforces negative stereotypes about developing nations. Since then, Western representatives have criticized the commission and its third-world and Eastern-bloc backers for encouraging state control of the media and thereby threatening to substitute one form of distortion for another. The latest clash has broken out over this month's UNESCO meeting in Paris, called to consider a proposal to license journalists and monitor whether they abide by some official code of ethics.

Yet the fact that the third world itself is far from unanimity on these questions was made evident at last year's conference of the International Association of Mass Communication Research held in Caracas. A group of Uruguayan exiles, most of them anonymous for obvious reasons, presented a paper comparing the internal dimensions of the NIIO with those of the "New International Economic Order." According to the Uruguayans, the New International Economic Order envisions a "transfer of wealth from rich to poor nations, without considering whether the latter's increased income will be monopolized by local oligarchies." Similarly the advocates of the NIIO call for establishment of third-world news agencies while failing to realize that the repressive policies of certain governments negate the very objectives of the NIIO.

Oswald Capriles, director of the Communications Research Institute of the Central University of Venezuela and one of the conference's organizers, seconded the Uruguayan position. What would happen, he asked in an interview, if Argentina, Chile, or Bolivia promoted a campaign against Amnesty International in the name of NIIO on the basis that that organization reflects anti-third world prejudices? It is certainly easier for third-world nations to speak out in unison against the international news agencies than it is for them to reach a consensus on internal communications policy. In theory the right of the state to intervene actively in the regulation of the media—in contrast to the First Amendment norms prevalent in the United States—is generally accepted in the third world. In practice, the effort to define concrete areas of state intervention has racked the democratic developing nations, which have generally been in the forefront of the NIIO movement. Thus the Venezuelan government recently set off a storm of controversy when it established rather moderate guidelines on TV advertising and soap operas, both widely viewed as detrimental to the nation's traditional values.

Still another aspect of the NIIO provoking sharp debate in the developing world is the importation of communications technology. Many third-world media employees have embraced a version of "dependency theory" which states that increasingly sophisticated technology in poor nations only cements their dependence on the industrialized North. The United States, according to this viewpoint, modified its initial opposition to the NIIO in 1977 precisely because it saw an opportunity to sell ultra-modern technology under the guise of helping the third-world achieve a new information order. The development of advanced computers, satellites, and other powerful communication-information systems has conjured up fears of new forms of control exercised by multinational corporations on behalf of their home governments. More mundanely, newspaper employees have resisted computerized photo-composition and other kinds of automation by arguing that their nation is currently incapable of gaining complete mastery of such technology.

Nevertheless it is hard to see how the third world can develop viable news agencies capable of competing with the likes of AP and UPI if it eschews recent technological innovations. Plans are afoot to increase cooperation among the sixty-odd state-sponsored agencies which have sprung up in the developing world. In addition, OPEC recently decided to establish an agency of its own to counter allegedly biased treatment in the Western press. These agencies, however, will have to maintain a distance from their respective governments if they are to avoid being converted into organs of official propaganda.

In short, within the third world itself, the NIIO is at a critical crossroads, with important decisions yet to be made: whether to emphasize internal communications policies at the risk of alienating repressive regimes; whether to design commercially viable third-world news agencies or ones which resemble mere press release services; and whether to view ultra-modern communication-information systems as inappropriate for developing nations. STEVE ELLNER

(Steve Ellner teaches in Venezuela.)

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THE HUMAN FAMILY

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UNDERSTANDING OTHER PEOPLE

(formerly Books for Brotherhood)

Children's and Young Adults' List

The following titles have been selected from among the many published from August, 1979 through July 1980 to cover a wide range of ages, interests and readability. Those books have been listed which seem best to portray relationships among people of different origins, races and religions, and depict their varied backgrounds. The list is the result of agreement by a representative committee of the best in the field for children and young adults.

The Alfred Summer, *by Jan Slepian. Macmillan, 1980. $7.95*

In 1930s Brooklyn, a spastic boy, a retarded boy and a "normal" neighborhood boy and girl join in the construction of a boat, the launching of which has dramatic repercussions for all. A moving and intelligent book. (8-12)

Autumn Street, *by Lois Lowry. Houghton Mifflin, 1980. $6.95*

Black-white relations are sensitively probed in the bittersweet story of a six-year old's fast friendship with the murdered grandson of her grandfather's black cook. (10-12)

Carew, *by Rod Carew, with Iran Berkow. Simon & Schuster, 1979. $9.95*

A super, young (now thirty-five years old) Panamanian baseball hitter tells of his fourteen-year struggle to top the awesome and as yet (1980 season) unsurpassed seasonal batting average of the famous Ted Williams. Carew's many obstacles, trials and tribulations as well as vignettes of life within a Major League baseball team are told in this biography. (14 and up)

Chappie and Me, *by John Craig. Dodd, Mead & Co., 1979. $8.95*

An autobiographical novel which tells of a summer in the 1930s on tour with a black baseball team, seen through the eyes of a young white man who masquerades as black in order to play first base. The horseplay, the humor, the dignity in the face of prejudice are all described. (14 and up)

Children of the Incas, *by David Mangurian. Four Winds Press, 1979. $8.95*

Thirteen-year old Peruvian highlander Modesto tells of his parents' harsh life and his ambition to leave his small village and become an engineer. Writer/photographer Mangurian reflects eloquently and without comment on a way of life. (8-11)

Childtimes: A Three-Generation Memoir, *by Eloise Greenfield and Lessie Jones Little. Illustrated by Jerry Pinkney, with photographs from the authors' family albums. T. Y. Crowell, 1979. $7.95*

A story of several generations of a black family, beautifully and lovingly told by a daughter, her mother, and her grandmother as each describes her childhood. Settings span from the rural South to our capital's inner city, from the middle of the nineteenth century until today. Hundreds of black families could tell a similar and wonderful story. (12 and up)

The Elephant Man, *a play by Bernard Pomerance. Grove Press, 1979. $8.95. paper $2.95*

Although his physical appearance was shocking enough to make him a sideshow freak, John Merrick's inner warmth, strength and lack of bitterness over his condition was an inspiration for many who loved and helped him. The award-winning Broadway play. (14 and up)

Gianna Mia, *by Virginia J. Marangell. Dodd Mead, 1979. $6.95*

Twelve-year-old Gianna is surrounded with the warmth and affection of a closely-knit Italian family but that does not protect her from the pain most of us endure in growing up. She suffers disappointment in a first love, the loss of a soldier brother and the death of a grandmother, but the future of a more mature Gianna is promising both in her choice of a career and of a loved one. (12-14)

The Girls in the Velveteen Frame, *by Adele Geras. Atheneum, 1979. $6.95*

The five daughters of a Jewish widow in pre-World War I Jerusalem conspire with the help of their conventional aunt to surprise their mother. The surprise is a portait of the girls which is forwarded to an only brother in the United States in the hope that he will see the picture and write home. The convincing recreation of an era long past, and the view of a close-knit family through characterization of each girl, their mother and colorful Aunt Mimi, bring an added dimension to the narrative.

A Hunter Comes Home, *by Ann Turner. Crown, 1980. $7.95*

Fifteen-year-old Jonas needed only one year in an Alaskan city high school to find he was unable to adjust to the ways of the white man. However, upon his return to his Alaskan village and family, he found he was also unhappy with the mores of his family. A very tragic ending suggests Jonas was finally able to make peace with himself and his surroundings. (11-13)

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Ike and Mama and the Block Wedding, *by Carol Snyder. Drawings by Charles Robinson. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. $6.95*

Rosie Weinstein's near disaster after papa loses his job is averted when the entire block decides to take care of the wedding. Pre-1920s Bronx is the setting, with all the charm and sentiment that nostalgia brings. Overall, though, the author portrays the togetherness of an integrated neighborhood with warmth and vitality. (8-10)

The Ink-Keeper's Apprentice, *by Allen Say. Harper & Row, 1979. $7.95*

Thirteen-year-old Kiyoi lives alone in postwar Japan and works as an apprentice to a master cartoonist. His life is rich, exciting and demanding. A colorful tale of an unusual coming-of-age. (11-13)

James Van der Zee, the Picture-Takin' Man, *by Jim Haskings. Illustrated with Van der Zee photographs. Dodd Mead, 1979. $8.95*

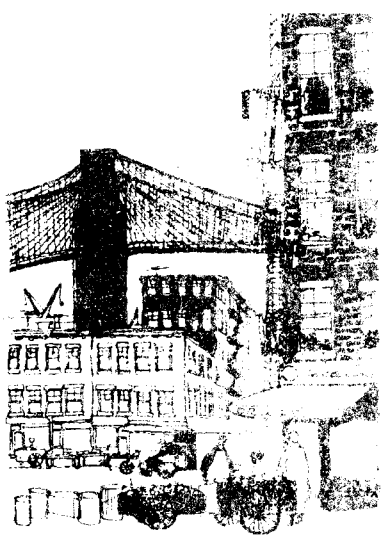
It took a photographic exhibition at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art to "discover" this then eighty-three-year-old black, master photographer. With his camera, he had artistically and lovingly recorded a half-century of life and culture in Harlem that, today, can hardly be imagined. An important biography offering a slice of black history in an unusual way. (11 and up)

Mamaji, *by Ved Mehta. Oxford U. Press, 1979. $12.95*

The Indian author's memoir of his traditionally reared mother whose marriage to a European-trained doctor vaulted her into a Westernized life. The story of a Hindu family in the modern world expresses a deep understanding of the complex Indian culture. (14 and up)

Movin' Up: Pop Gordy Tells His Story, *by Berry Gordy. Harper & Row, 1979. $7.95*

Pop Gordy lived to be ninety years old, but before he died his life story was tape-recorded and forms the basis for this unique autobiography. The father of the founder of Motown Records, a gentle, shrewd and highly motivated son of a slave, became a respected Detroit businessman. It is not difficult to see after reading this intimate story how he motivated his family to become successful in the black community and elsewhere. (15 and up)



Selected by . . .

Edith G. Selig, Supervisor

Lucia Engle, formerly Director, School Libraries, New York City Board of Education

Lillian Morrison, Coordinator of Young Adult Services, The New York Public Library

Pamela D. Pollack, Associate Editor, School Library Journal

R. Bryan Roberts, Coordinator, Programs and Services Department, Queens Borough Public Library

Barbara Rollock, Coordinator of Children's Services, The New York Public Library

Roslyn Rubinstein, Head, Young Adult Division, Central Library, Queens Borough Public Library

Lillian Shapiro, School Library Consultant

Now, Ameriky, *by Betty Sue Cummings. Atheneum, 1979. $8.95*

Brigid leaves her family and her beloved Ireland to find in America the opportunity that will enable her to rescue her impoverished family. The voyage is a nightmare, one that many immigrants of that period knew, and instead of gold in the streets there is a shanty town for the Irish immigrants. There is also, however, the chance for a better life in this new world. (11-14)

Once I Was a Plum Tree, *by Johanna Hurwitz, Illustrated by Ingrid Fetz. William Morrow, 1980. $7.50*

Pflaumenbaum, which means plum tree, was the family name until Gerry's grandfather changed it to Flam. However, Gerry, who has always been impressed by the religious observances of her Catholic friends, discovers her own Jewish heritage from some refugee neighbors from Hitler's Germany. In a lighthearted story of middle graders the author explores the dilemma of a Bronx family in which the parents do not observe traditions of their religion to the letter. A serious incident of anti-Semitism is described but the protagonist grows in the knowledge and pride of her heritage. (8-11)

One Child, *by Torey L. Hayden, Putnam's, 1980. $9.95*

A teacher who specializes in work with emotionally disturbed children tells the moving story of her success with one destructive, nearly autistic 6-year-old girl. After a long struggle, she wins the child's trust and discovers her to be exceptionally intelligent. She eventually goes to court to keep the

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child from being placed in an institution. An absorbing account of the salvaging of a human being. (12 and up)

A Salmon for Simon, *by Betty Waterton. Illustrated by Ann Blades. Atheneum, 1980. $7.95*

A west-coast Canadian Indian boy who has fished for salmon all summer without success decides that saving the salmon an eagle drops in a clam hole is more important than catching it. A picture book that quietly conveys the closeness to nature characteristic of Simon's culture. (4-6)

Sea Glass, *by Laurence Yep. Harper & Row, 1979. $7.95*

Only "Uncle" Quail brings young, 'fat' and unpopular Craig an understanding of himself as an individual and helps to question his father's pressures on him to excel in sports. The author affords an insightful view of a contemporary Chinese family in California while exploring the emotional and generational conflicts a minority family encounters. Through the characterization of the young protagonist who feels pride in his heritage and uncomfortable trying to be more acceptable to his American classmates, there emerges an appreciation of the ancient culture and traditions of the Chinese and a reminder of their contribution to this country. (12-15)

She Never Looked Back: Margaret Mead in Samoa, *by Sam and Beryl Epstein. Illustrated by Victor Juhasz. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 1980. $5.99*

Concentrating on her early life and on her first ventures into scientific studies, this is an easy-to-read story of the late, famed anthropologist as she gathered data for her renowned "Coming of Age in Samoa." (9-11)

Smoke Over Golan: A Novel of the 1973 Yom Kippur War in Israel, *by Uriel Ofek. Translated by Israel I. Taslitt from Hebrew. Harper & Row, 1979. $7.95*

This rather gentle war story centers about the friendship of two boys, Yuri, who is Jewish, and Eitan, who is Syrian. Yuri is so isolated on his farm that he is the sole pupil in the neighboring schoolhouse. Quite accidentally, he encounters Eitan and the two then meet fairly regularly and secretly, until the Yom Kippur War erupts. Then, Yuri's strength and courage are put to severe tests while his father is away in the army. Although less graphic in its delineation of the tragedy of war than other books on the same subject, the reader cannot fail to get Ofek's message in favor of peace. (10-12)

Some of Us Survived: An Armenian Story, *by Kerop Bedoukian, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1979. $7.95*

Like the blacks and the Jews in various periods of history, another minority group, the Armenians, has suffered at the hands of oppressors. Bedoukian describes the terrible events befalling his family and other displaced Armenians in their flight from their homeland. Driven into exile by the Turks, they endured incredible hardships as they journeyed to Aleppo, Constantinople, Bulgaria and England, finally finding safety (the author, his mother and younger brother) in Canada. (14 and up)

The Sword of the Prophet: A History of the Arab World from the Time of Mohammed to the Present Day, *by Robert Goldston. Dial Press, 1979. $8.95*

A history of the Arab peoples and the spread of Islam beginning at 570 A.D. and moving to the present. It is most informative on the growth of the Moslem empire from the Arabian peninsula eastward, westward, and northward and leads to a better understanding of the Arabs as a people with a rich and complex past whose many cultural achievements we still benefit from. (12 and up)

The Tamarindo Puppy and Other Poems, *by Charlotte Pomerantz. Pictures by Byron Barton. Greenwillow, 1980. $7.98*

Delightfully and whimisically illustrated in color, these thirteen short rhymes use both English and Spanish words and phrases in each short poem. The English words help one to understand the meanings of the Spanish words. Fun for the young child. (5-8)

Tepee Tales of the American Indian, *retold by Dee Brown. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1979. $7.95*

These legends of suspense, bravery, terror and humor were passed down by storytellers from more than twenty tribes, including the Cherokee, Hopi, Navaho, Creek, Cheyenne and Blackfoot. (10-14)

A Walk Across America, *by Peter Jenkins. William Morrow, 1979. $12.95*

Since his college education failed to explain many of this country's darker mysteries, Peter Jenkins, with his dog, decided to seek these answers by walking the land itself and by living and working with diverse people along the way. (14 and up)

When Memory Comes, *by Saul Friedlander, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1979. $9.95*

Born a Jew but raised a Catholic to escape Nazi persecution, the author was fifteen when he discovered his Jewish identity and ran away to Israel. An extremely affecting memoir, this honest and thoughtful book offers a unique look at not only the Holocaust, but also what it means to be a Jew in Israel today. (14 and up)

The Young Landlords, *by Walter Dean Myers. Viking, 1979 $8.95*

Five teen-age friends become the owners of a run-down Harlem apartment. Their efforts to deal with myriads of management problems; and to cope with some peculiarly strange tenants provide many comical situations. (11-14)

For the complete "Human Family" book list write to:

The National Conference of Christians and Jews, 43 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019

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FILM ON HORSEBACK

ABEL GANCE'S SELF-MADE DICTATOR

IN APRIL, 1927, Abel Gance's *Napoleon* opened amidst great tumult at the Théâtre National de l'Opéra in Paris. (One young army careerist who was present, Charles de Gaulle, never forgot the experience.) *Napoleon* was a silent epic over four hours in length. Among the superstars in the cast was Antonin Artaud in the role of Marat, and among the plethora of technical innovations was an ending done in a three-camera triptych process Gance called Polyvision, which anticipated Cinerama. *Napoleon* was originally intended by Gance to be only one of six films, all equally spectacular, in which his hero's entire life would be told. Polyvision, Gance thought, would revolutionize the film industry as Napoleon had French society, and this would provide the wherewithal for the other five epic masterpieces Gance had planned. But less than a year after *Napoleon*'s premiere a film called *The Jazz Singer* opened, with the result that Gance's ultimate silent masterpiece disappeared from view forever.

And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Well, not quite forever. Francis Ford Coppola has just revived the film with such success that he filled Radio City Music Hall three nights running at twenty dollars a ticket. Since the excitement practically exceeded that of the original premiere, Coppola extended the run. Like the original opening, Coppola's revival was accompanied by a lot of hoopla (there was even a searchlight flashing across the sky outside Radio City the first night), for hoopla is the only atmosphere in which *Napoleon* can be appreciated. It is, both historically and aesthetically, the film's own atmosphere. The night I saw it, anticipation was at such fever pitch that almost no one left before the Polyvisionary ending, and people cheered wildly at every little flourish of technique throughout the film. It was an audience of culture glommers, the kind of people whose one other movie outing each year is to some Abyssinian film at the Film Festival. I don't know which I found more repulsive—the mass adulation *Napoleon* produced in this audience, or *Napoleon* itself.

It's true that what cut short the film's original popularity was only the fact that the coming of sound killed the mobile camera, which was *Napoleon*'s glory. Otherwise, the film's boosters claim, it might have had the impact and longevity they believe it deserved. I don't think so, though. Only a few years later, no matter where movie technology was, it would have been hard to make any romantic epic about the rise of a dictator, even Napoleon. The fact is that Gance did make a shorter version of the film in 1934, inventing stereo in the bargain for the sequence where Rouget de Lisle's "La Marseillaise" is sung for the first time at the Club des Cordeliers. But the new film created very little stir. *Napoleon*'s appeal was limited not only by technical developments beyond its control, but by the very nature of its own conception. It was made at the last possible moment, historically, that such a film could be made. It was the last hurrah of the Napoleonic legend, a secular myth which had lasted 100 years, but whose immense power is almost unimaginable now.

Throughout the nineteenth century and well into the twentieth, no bourgeois household in France was complete without its little bust of Napoleon presiding on top of the *armoire* or behind the glass front on the china cabinet. Long after his death Napoleon still reigned supreme as the embodiment of the middle-class aspirations which the French Revolution had contained. He was the original self-made man, the world-beater who started out in life not as a king, but as "the little corporal." The twilight of this sun-god incarnate, as Napoleon was still regarded by many old *patres familias* in the France of 1927, suffuses Gance's movie. Only in this afterglow could so romantic a film have been made.

Gance knew that he might never get to make the other five films; yet he began at the beginning of Napoleon's story anyway, rather than at the climax of his career. That the one film he did make covers only Napoleon's rise to power shows that Gance realized he had to appeal to the bourgeois legend, the cult of Napoleon as self-made man. The film is dripping with the kind of premonitions of destiny which typify the silent screen's worst excesses. In the opening scene, for instance, little Napoleon leads a band of boys to victory in a snowball fight. Even a kitchen scullion who casually cheers him on is to be a figure of fate, turning up later at a crucial moment during the siege of Toulon, and yet again as a clerk of the Reign of Terror who eats Napoleon's dossier in order to save him from the guillotine. At a geography class after recess, Napoleon glowers forebodingly when the lesson turns to an obscure island named St. Helena. That night he is thrown out of his dormitory into the snow for causing a ruckus. As he falls asleep on a cannon in the schoolyard, his pet eagle, which the other boys had set free, comes to perch beside him. And all this is on one day before he's even out of boarding school!

Napoleon's ceaseless triumphs in battle make his early story a rather tedious one. Nonetheless, the film draws out the battles as long as possible. In the process, it also makes both them and French history hopelessly confusing. The fact is that the Jacobin Republic somehow quelled civil war, repelled foreign invasion, and went on the offensive abroad. That was the heritage of the Revolution which Napoleon received. But the film glosses over these matters the better to aggrandize Napoleon himself. With its emphasis on the myth of the strong man and its glorification of militarism, the film is an unmistakably right-wing piece of work. Its revival is the perfect cause to be championed by the scriptwriter of *Patton* and auteurist of

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Apocalypse Now, Francis Ford Coppola. *Napoleon* is very much a document of the times in which it was made, a reflection of the period in French history when the *Action Française* was in its prime.

Napoleon's numerous revolutions in film technique also represent a kind of right-wing film art. The film's camera moves ceaselessly. It paces up and down each scene with the restlessness of someone consumed by ambition. It moves on guy wires, on dollies, suspended from a pendulum, even on horseback. If for a moment the camera isn't creating excitement, the editing, with its rapid cuts and frequent superimpositions, is. And then of course there's the Polyvision finale, where the three images sometimes form a single, wide-screen picture, and at other times show two or three separate scenes simultaneously. This is the art of mass hysteria, of film technique used to create fervor and enthusiasm, but not meaning. In *Napoleon* we are swept up in historical events; we do not come to any understanding of their significance.

If there is any film to which *Napoleon* begs comparison, it is Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin*, which marked the beginning of the silent screen's brief golden age as decisively as *Napoleon* marked the end. *Potemkin* also involves us in the action through its expressionism, but every shot in Eisenstein's film gains its real power over us from the contribution it makes to his analysis of history. Eisenstein was so intent on purifying film art for this purpose that he didn't even permit his film to have a central character, a hero. If you take away the hero from *Napoleon*, or rather, the hero worship, there's nothing left.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

Recordings

LISTENING & DANCING

RECREATING RENAISSANCE MUSIC

I ARRIVED HOME exhausted, in want of some light yet invigorating entertainment. Renaissance dance music seemed just the thing. And so I happened to pull out two recent reissues. Shortly into the second disc, pangs of *déjà vu* struck: Hadn't I just heard this? As it turned out, indeed I had. Upon closer inspection it became apparent that these records contain the identical pieces; not only that, but they are presented in exactly the same order! Yet the performances could scarcely be more different. I knew that if there were ever a perfect opportunity to compare divergent attitudes toward the realization of Renaissance dance music, this was it.

Since the chances of one group fortuitously arriving at the same ordering of more than twenty dances are virtually nil, one naturally wonders which recording came first. It appears Ferdinand Conrad's did. His Quintessence program, previously available in this country on RCA Victrola, was taped by Südwest-Tonstudio Jansen, Stuttgart in December, 1961.* My information on the Clemencic duplication is not so precise—Musical Heritage Society merely informs me that it derives from a Harmonia Mundi master dating back at least a decade.†

But the important issue is not who imitated whom, but rather how and why these performances differ. Reconstructing this material—uncomplicated Franco-Flemish dances from the mid-sixteenth century on side 1, more stylized and polyphonic dances on side 2 (Attaignant lute arrangements from 1529, German works from c. 1600)—in an historically "authentic" manner is no simple matter. Both contemporary treatises, such as Thoinot Arbeau's *Orchesography* (1588), and modern commentaries, such as Mabel Dolmetsch's books, invariably concentrate on how this music was danced rather than on how it was played. We thus have very thorough information about such dance steps and movements, but precious little pertaining to such musical issues as tempo, orchestration, and ornamentation. Specific instrumentation is almost never indicated for ensemble dances, nor are such niceties as dynamics and articulation. Great freedom is therefore granted the twentieth-century performer, and, for all we know, may have been granted his Renaissance counterparts.

Of course there are certain guidelines to follow. If we are performing for an actual dance (and even the more elaborate pieces on these discs were almost certainly intended to be danced to), then the tempos must logically be appropriate to the proper execution of the dance in question. If we are performing indoors, then the orchestration must naturally be relatively intimate; certain "loud" instruments such as shawms have no place in this context. Oboes and horns, instruments which existed only in primitive forms in the Renaissance and early Baroque and which consequently played no part in art music, would thus not make appropriate modern choices either. Nor would trumpets, which through the Baroque era were capable of a simple diatonic scale only in their highest octave or "clarino" register, and moreover were the special province of the military and royalty and hence off-limits for ordinary social functions. Both Clemencic and Conrad are sensitive to these problems of orchestration, and their ensembles employ modern copies of period instruments that might conceivably have been used to perform this music. Those interested in pursuing these and other performance problems in more detail could find no better place to begin than the lavishly illustrated pages of the superb British journal *Early Music*.

Conrad and Clemencic adopt vastly dissimilar attitudes toward the recreation of this dance repertory. Conrad conceives

* Quintessence PMC 7088. *Renaissance Dance Music* from collections by Moderne, Susato, Gervaise, Phalèse, Franck, Hassler, Attaignant, and Demantius. Ferdinand Conrad, recorder and crumhorn; Ilse Brix-Meinert, Ulrich Koch, and Günther Lemmen, viola da braccio; Johannes Koch and Heinrich Haferland, viola da gamba; Otto Steinfopf, dulcian; Walter Gerwig, lute.

† Musical Heritage Society MHS 3938. Clemencic Consort of Vienna. René Clemencic, director.

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his program as one that might actually be danced in a smallish room. His tempos are generally moderate, his forces modest (the standard texture is strings plus recorder), his ornamentation reserved, Clemencic concerns himself with entertainment; he quite reasonably assumes that most people will buy his album for listening, not as music for dancing. His fast tempos are consequently faster than Conrad's, his slow tempos slower, his ornamentation more lavish, his phrasing freer and accents heavier, his orchestration larger and louder. Whereas Conrad might delicately vary the instrumentation from one section of a dance to another (strings and winds might alternate, or percussion might be added), Clemencic, presumably to stimulate his listeners, changes color—sometimes radically—at every opportunity, even from phrase to phrase.

The resulting disparities in character are often startling. For example, Conrad performs Tielman Susato's *Hoboecken Dance* (which incidentally bears no kinship, as one overly ambitious scholar proclaimed, to the city in New Jersey) as a lively, yet lilting dance, while Clemencic—with the assistance of piquant crumhorns, tangy percussion, and his own virtuosic, embellished recorder line—invests it with great swagger. Or consider the Demantius *Galliard*. Clemencic plays it briskly, with a full consort of strings, winds, and regal; Conrad adopts a moderate tempo and uses only a small string ensemble, achieving a performance that is elegant and genuinely moving.

Similar analyses could be made of the parallel performances of each piece. Sometimes Conrad's version proves more satisfying, sometimes Clemencic's; sometimes both are equally attractive. If I prefer the Conrad album overall it is because he never loses touch with the essentially functional nature of this music, and because his string, lute, and recorder versions of the more stylized German dances seem so much more in keeping with their intrinsic nature than do Clemencic's lavishly scored, strongly accented readings. In dances which clearly form a pair, such as Melchior Franck's *Pavane and Galliard* and Susato's *Ronde et Saltarello*, Conrad maintains the same scoring for both, whereas Clemencic's component parts, no matter how persuasive in their own right, appear curiously unrelated. Both recordings still sound well: the Musical Heritage Society issue is crisper, more firmly focused, the Quintessence warmer but not so well miked (the solo recorder appears far too close).

Each is thoroughly delightful in its own right. But the special value of these discs lies in their unique relationship to one another. Thus it is not a matter of insecurity when I strongly urge acquisition of both albums. They offer the unusual opportunity to make endlessly fascinating comparisons between strikingly different performances of identical Renaissance dance selections. And in so doing, they provide the listener with a deeper understanding of the problems presented, the choices involved, and the creativity demanded in turning the skimpy notation of these four-hundred-year-old dances into living music.

DERRICK HENRY

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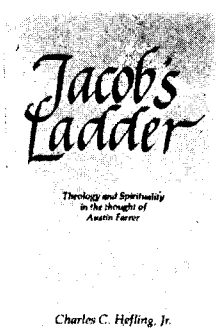

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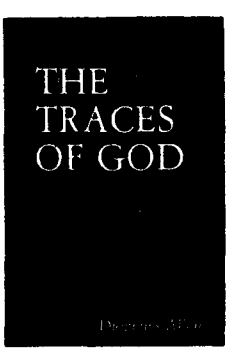

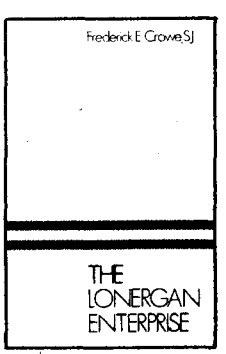

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Religious Book Week: CRITICS' CHOICES

William P. Loewe

IF THE ATTENTIONS paid them by the Vatican a little over a year ago attached an aura of sensationalism to the works of Hans Küng and Edward Schillebeeckx, their scholarly efforts in the service of Christian faith continue to deserve notice on more serious grounds. The past year saw the appearance of two of their major works in English.

Küng, in *Does God Exist?* (Doubleday, $17.50, 839 pp.), moves through an engaging, leisurely study of Feuerbach, Marx, and Freud to conclude that although the atheism of each remains an unsubstantiated postulate, they do succeed in demolishing any Cartesian-type "proof" for God's existence. Nietzsche's nihilism indicates a prior question, whether reality is trustworthy, and Küng finds a positive answer verified by the experience of meaningfulness that it engenders. In that case an option for God as the basis for trust in reality becomes a reasonable move, and Küng rounds his study off with an investigation of the dialectical and inclusive relationship between the revelation of God as Father through Jesus and other religious and philosophical conceptions. His book offers a thorough demonstration of the reasonableness of Christian faith quite free of the rationalism of older Catholic apologetics.

With *Christ: The Experience of Jesus As Lord* (Seabury, $29.50, 925 pp.) Schillebeeckx shifts to an investigation of the experience of redemptive grace operative in the New Testament. A long exegetical tour of the books of that library sets out the theological expression which each author gives to the experience, with notably refreshing results for Paul and *Hebrews*. A second study demonstrates how the variety in the New Testament theologies of grace is rooted in the diverse historical circumstances in which each author wrote. This in turn allows Schillebeeckx to offer a descriptive summary of the constant structural elements embodied in the different New Testament theologies of grace, and on this basis he proceeds to attempt a continuation of what the biblical authors were doing; he seeks a contemporary statement, on the basis of present historical circumstances, of the meaning of Christian salvation as gift and task for the world today. In this monumental work Schillebeeckx engages Christian faith at its center.

On a less exalted scale Leonard Swidler has collected some enlightening commentary in *Consensus in Theology? A Dialogue between Hans Küng and Edward Schillebeeckx* (Westminster, $4.95, 180 pp.). Küng's lead essay suggests that the similarities between Schillebeekx's work and his own proposal for a "theology of Christian origin" in terms of contemporary experience marks an emerging consensus in the wake of the collapse of neo-scholasticism. Fourteen respondents range from Avery Dulles to Paul van Buren among the Christians and include representatives of Judaism, Islam, and Hinduism as well. The lively discussion clarifies some important differences between Küng and Schillebeeckx and provides an opportunity to overhear theologians at work.

Among the books appearing in the aftermath of Karl Rahner's seventy-fifth birthday the essays gathered by Leo O'Donovan in *A World of Grace* (Seabury, $7.95, 198 pp.) offer an uncommonly helpful initiation for a broad audience into the work of the master. Orchestrated to parallel the structure of Rahner's own *Foundations of Christian Faith*, their brevity and clear, direct prose enable the reader to enter the world of Rahner's vision and begin thinking along with him, while the variety of the authors' personal styles introduces a charming counterpoint into the book.

Finally, in *The Fire and the Rose Are One* (Seabury, $9.95, 158 pp.) Sebastian Moore continues his unique contribution to the literature of spirituality. Poetic sensibility and a personal appropriation of elements of depth psychology animate these powerful reflections on the concrete dynamics of sin and life in Christ.

Martin E. Marty

AS A FIERCELY monogamous contentedly heterosexual modern church historian who lacks a crusading spirit, I have good reason to avoid a history of homosexuality in the ancient and medieval church, especially one tinged with special pleading. But it is hard to avoid John Boswell, *Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality* (University of Chicago Press, $27.50, 424 pp.). Like most over-praised books, it will soon be dissected by specialists, some of whom bring counter-ideologies of their own. Whatever its flaws, the work is a refreshing re-exploration of a history everyone thought was settled. Now numerous issues are open. Christianity, in Boswell's account, was ambiguous or silent for the most part on the matter of homosexuality, until around 1150 when cultural change and social pressure produced hardlining. Just as secular feminism is sometimes "blamed" for producing a new consciousness of women in America, so a kind of non-Christian social pressure led to stigma against homosexuals.

Equal time for other sides: since in 1980 the New Christian Right made many of its points by scoring homosexuality, I should mention a book that helps account for that Right historically. In *Fundamentalism and American Culture* (Oxford, $19.95, 320 pp.) we have by far the best-yet history of the reactionary Protestant movement that took shape between 1870-1925 and is so potent today. The author is George Marsden, a professor at Calvin College (and hence a conservative, but not a fundamentalist). This

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story is unfamiliar to most Americans and distorted by most others. After Marsden there are no excuses for either misuse of the Fundamentalist past.

Departing from the historical line, I will mention two books that I would have blurbed, were I still a blurber. The one is Richard McBrien's *Catholicism* (Winston, 2 vols., $29.95, 1186 pp.), the classy, though not classic, exposition of the many dimensions of Catholicism. It is a book of the decade, for the decade, not a timeless setting forth or an aspiration to outclass Rahner, Schillebeeckx, and other norm-setters. After this, laity and non-specialists need no longer ask, "Why was I not told?" something of what Catholicism is about today.

The other blurb prospect is vastly different, as you would expect anything to be from the hand of Walter J. Ong, Jesuit Renaissance scholar and Renaissance man at St. Louis University. This is *Fighting for Life: Contest, Sexuality, and Consciousness* (Cornell, $14.95, 231 pp.), an impossible-to-describe reflection on evolution, biology, and mental activity. Ong helps account for the macho spirit, agonistic life in the academy, and male combativeness. As usual, he drops and throws away more thought-provoking lines than most authors fit into their books. If one loses the plot line here and there, as I must, and did, enough is left over to make the book well worth while.

Not a book of religion, but one rich in religious implications is the best-yet history of women in American history, Carl N. Degler, *At Odds: Women and the Family in America from the Revolution to the Present* (Oxford, $19.95, 527 pp.). Until historians of religion write more than little bitty essays on the subject of women in America, Degler will serve best.

I also liked Hans Küng, *Does God Exist?* (Doubleday, $17.50, 839 pp.) more than I was supposed to. How account for tastes? Even where Küng fails, he does so interestingly. And if advanced academics sometimes say that Küng covers familiar ground, which he does, each generation has to re-cover it for itself, and in that necessary project he is a great aid.

Sally Cunneen

THE "RELIGIOUS" writers I find most useful these days are not so much the scholarly or the pious as those who are making strenuous efforts to recover a vital connection between their lives and work and the faith of tradition. E.F. Schumacher is a good example; in *Good Work* (late talks and essays organized by Peter N. Gillingham, Harper & Row, paperback, $3.95, 223 pp.) he has fused faith and metaphysics with practical economic analysis, making us sharply aware of the loss we suffered at his death in 1977. One can almost hear the kind and humorous voice warning us against the dangers of large-scale technology and encouraging us to try the alternative of appropriate technology. Among other riches he has recovered here is that of the early Christian notion of work as valuable in educating and liberating the human person. By avoiding empty moralizing he achieves genuine credibility for his claim that the religious understanding of the human is the only practical one to adopt if we are to avoid economic and ecological destruction.

In order to make recoveries like Schumacher's, perhaps we all need sabbaticals like those Brita Stendahl has enjoyed at regular intervals as a professor's wife. In her *Sabbatical Reflections: The Ten Commandments in a New Day* (Fortress Press, $7.95, 125 pp.) she has organized her experiences as a woman in-between (cultures, languages, generations, world-views) so as to make visible in her own life the surprisingly positive pull of the commandments. Her gut-level human response to reality enables us to see it as she does, a sacred gift in which the picture of the earth seen from the moon is a holy icon and the struggle to communicate clearly and honestly with husband, child, and community is implied by the second commandment.

Martin E. Marty also helps us look freshly at what is familiar in his unpretentious, sharply-observed little book, *Friendship* (Argus Communications, $3.50, 252 pp.). Marty discovered that

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the spiritual writers and theologians have talked a great deal about charity but had almost ignored friendship. Most readers will not think Marty's book "religious" because he finds similes "between friendship and the way biblical faith pictures divine-human ties" in experiences so common we have forgotten to savor them.

John Shea's *Stories of Faith* (Thomas More, $10.95, 256pp.) is a further reminder that "we must be sensitive to the depth of the everyday, to the extraordinary that bursts from the mundane, to the marvelous ways of what we take for granted." Because he knows how to listen to stories, Shea can expand our understanding of faith, using a contemporary imagination to "play with the story of Jesus and resymbolize it under the influence of the present experience of the Spirit."

Finally, Lawrence Cunningham's *The Meaning of Saints* (Harper & Row, $10.95, 186 pp.) is able to find present meaning in the lives of the saints by asking us to rethink the meaning of sanctity. Combining history, theology, and literary criticism, he explains why past ages exaggerated the importance of the saint as wonder-worker and uses Silone, Greene, and Bernanos to give us clues regarding the meaning of today's non-institutional but profound hunger for the sacred.

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George G. Higgins

MERTON: A BIOGRAPHY. Monica Furlong. Harper and Row. $12.95, 342 pp.

For many years one had the impression that Thomas Merton's life as a Trappist monk at Gethsemane Abbey was settled and filled with contentment. Gradually, however, word filtered through that his life, to the contrary, was beset with nagging tensions and, more specifically, that he and his Abbot were seriously at odds. Ms. Furlong is refreshingly, but not sensationally, frank in discussing Merton's agonizing struggle to resolve these tensions. She concludes that, in the end, his efforts were crowned with victory. At least one reviewer, writing from a religiously agnostic point of view, is not persuaded by Furlong's "rhetoric" in this regard. The reviewer argues that Furlong has artificially imposed a spiritual design on Merton's life, one that is not supported by the evidence at hand. Maybe so. In any event, Furlong, while avoiding the more obvious pitfalls of psychohistory, has told us more about the real Merton than most of us ever knew before. For this we can be grateful, despite the fact that Furlong's book is less than adequate in its treatment of Merton's extensive and influential writings on social and political matters.

Catholicism. Richard P. McBrien. Winston Press. $29.95, (2 vols.), 1186 pp.

Father McBrien has learned the hard way in recent months that some people, God bless them, are extremely hard to please. He intended his two-volume, eleven-hundred-page *magnum opus* to be "a bridge between the church of yesterday and the church of today" and leaned over backwards therein "to do justice to the true values and legitimate concerns of both sides: the conservatives' regard for continuity and stability, and the progressives' regard for development and growth." Alas, his more conservative critics will have none of his irenicism. The sheer venom of their attacks not only on his book but on his person suggests, to this reviewer at least, that they will settle for nothing less than unconditional surrender. So much for the bad news. The good news is that the majority of the professionally trained theologians who have thus far reviewed *Catholicism* (David Tracy, Avery Dulles, and Raymond Brown, among others) have given it very high marks indeed. Dulles put it very well when he wrote that, as a textbook that attempts to incorporate the dramatic developments since Vatican II, it "will not soon be surpassed in scope or quality." Amen.

Tell The Next Generation: Homilies and Near Homilies. Walter J. Burghardt, S.J. Paulist Press. $6.95 (paper), 240 pp.

Father Burghardt notes very gently and compassionately in his Preface that our "pulpit performance" leaves much to be desired. Nevertheless he is not discouraged. He says that his primary purpose in publishing this, his third book of sermons, was "to help the reform along in a small but perhaps not insubstantial way." He is being much too modest and self-effacing in this regard. The fact is that by the impressive example of his own "pulpit performance" over a long period of years and by his perceptive essays (including the opening chapter of the present book) on the theory and practice of homiletics, he has done as much as any other single priest of this generation to raise the level of Roman Catholic preaching in the United States. In addition to sheer hard work ("four hours of preparation for each minute in the pul-

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pit''), the secret of his success is to be found in his life-time commitment to serious study and serious prayer and, no less importantly, his life-long affair (I almost said his infatuation) with the English language. He is truly a master craftsman and a joy to read.

The Letters of Evelyn Waugh. Edited by Mark Amory. Ticknor and Fields. $25, 673 pp.

While the majority of the entries reprinted in this extraordinarily well edited collection of letters are not concerned with religion as such, enough of them either directly or indirectly touch upon religious matters to warrant including the volume as a whole in this annual list of current books about religion. Evelyn Waugh's religious views and/or prejudices are curmudgeonly elitist and aristocratic, often to the point of being aggressively (but hilariously) eccentric in the low-key British sense of the word. But that's neither here nor there. One turns to Waugh not for theological enlightenment but for the sheer delight of reading, in this case, one of the great letter-writers of recent generations. Incidentally, it is hard to think of any other British or American author whose posthumously published letters to relatives, friends, and foes would hold one's attention, as Waugh's held mine, for 673 pages and still leave one thirsting for more of the same.

The Man Who Leads the Church: An Assessment of Pope John Paul II.John Whale, Peter Hebblethwaite and Staff of the London Sunday Times. Harper and Row. $10.95, 256 pp.

Any book about a living pope, especially one as energetic and peripatetic as John Paul II, is inevitably doomed to be out of date ten minutes after the manuscript is sent to the printer. This is by way of saying that *The Man Who Leads The Church*, which in large part built around Pope John Paul's frequent journeys abroad, suffers from the limitation of having been written before his trips to Brazil, France, and Germany and not having been able to anticipate his forthcoming trip to the Philippine Islands, Guam, and Japan. So it goes. Nevertheless, despite this inevitable limitation, the Whale-Hebblethwaite symposium is the best of the current crop of English-language books about John Paul II and is far superior to any of the biographies of the pope that have been translated into English from the original Polish. Whale, Hebblethwaite, *et al*, are critical of the pope on certain matters, but always respectfully and contructively so. They take him very seriously on his own terms and refrain from trying to force him into a provincial Western European-North American mold. Their book is an added argument in favor of keeping the *London Times* alive. The English-speaking world can ill afford to lose a paper that is capable of producing this kind of fair-minded, sophisticated, and broad-gauge reporting.

Pheme Perkins

THE TASK and joy of the theological enterprise is to render faith articulate so that the believer finds speech that addresses the perplexities and concerns of the world in which he/she lives. He/she does not have to stand before the babble of conflicting tongues in perplexed silence. For those willing to tackle tough questions and detailed arguments, 1980 has been a rich year.

''God'' is back. *How to Think about God* by Mortimer J. Adler (Macmillan, $9.95, 175 pp.) presents an avowed pagan suggesting a modern version of the cosmological argument for God's existence. *Does God Exist?* by Hans Küng. (Doubleday, $17.50, 839 pp.) presents a detailed account of the entanglement of the question of God and the thinkers who have shaped modern, Western thought. Believers are called to learn some hard lessons from the development of modern science and the likes of Hegel, Marx, Freud and Nietzsche. But unbelievers will find Küng's critique of their unexamined ideologies equally challenging. Küng's concluding treatment of Biblical material is less satisfactory. No responsible exegete would permit a characterization of the Old Testament God as legalistic, harsh, fearsome. The hermeneutical sophistication that Küng addresses to modern thinkers appears to vanish in the face of Biblical materials.

Christ by Edward Schillebeeckx (Seabury, $29.50, 925 pp.) more than compensates for the defects in Küng's treatment of the Old Testament with its treatment of grace in the Old Testament as a foundation for the theology of grace in New Testament writers. One may not always agree with Schillebeeckx's exegesis, but it is intelligent and responsible, which is more than one can say for most systematicians. The final section of his book seeks to present a picture of Christian salvation today that will answer to our concerns over liberation and the history of human suffering without losing the dimension of salvation as gracious gift from God so crucial to the New Testament experience. In that context, Schillebeeckx makes some telling points about the necessity of community, liturgy, and prayer as an active *conversio*.

The Fire and the Rose Are One by Sebastian Moore (Seabury, $9.95, 158 pp.) complements Schillebeeckx and

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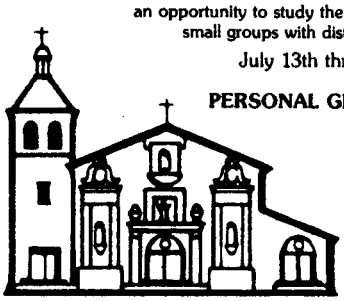

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The Spiritual Message of Luke-Acts
—Joseph A. Grassi, Professor of New Testament, University of Santa Clara

The Spiritual Experiences of John & Paul
—Carolyn Osiek, R.S.C.J., Assistant Professor of New Testament, Catholic Theological Union, Chicago

The Bible and the Life of Prayer
—John H. Wright, S.J., Professor of Systematic Theology, Graduate Theological Union, Berkeley

For further information, contact: Dr. Frederick J. Parrella, Director, Institute of Christian Spirituality, Bannan Hall 261, University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, CA 95053, (408) 984-4518.

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Küng. Moore probes the psychological depth of our human involvement with God as "mysterious other" from whom we seek a response and yet turn away, fail with the result of that radical guilt which undermines the human person. Jesus shows us the "sinless" person, who can live in intimacy with God, and whose death as God finally unmasks the root of human evil and the even greater depth of a love which abolishes guilt. Like Schillebeeckx, Moore is exploring the root experience of grace; like Küng, he shows a human person persistently involved with God.

Christology in the Making by James D.G. Dunn (Westminster, $24.50, paper, 443 pp.) provides an exegetical study of the origins of the doctrine of the Incarnation in the New Testament. *Christian Origins in Sociological Perspective* by Howard C. Kee (Westminster, $8.95, paper, 204 pp.) surveys the use New Testament scholars have been making of the social sciences in their study of New Testament Christianity. Finally, *Jewish and Christian Self-Definition*, vol. 1, J.P. Sanders, ed. (Fortress, $15.95, 314 pp.) presents essays by leading scholars which explore how Christianity came to define itself both institutionally and doctrinally over against competing religious and philosophical trends in the second and third centuries — an earlier attempt to grapple with the problems which face present-day theologians. So, God, Christ, philosophy, psychology and sociology of religion, a look at the origins of some of our fundamental Christian beliefs and ecclesial structures—not a bad year for the theological reader!

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John T. Pawlikowski

SEVERAL SIGNIFICANT new contributions have been added to the ongoing Christian-Jewish dialogue in the past year. The difficult subject of Christian theology and Judaism has been advanced in a particular way by the appearance of two works from Paulist Press: Clemens Thoma's *A Christian Theology of Judaism*(Paulist Press, $7.95, 232 pp.) and Eugene B. Borowitz's *Contemporary Christologies: A Jewish Response* (Paulist Press, $7.95, 203 pp.). Both represent serious, contructive efforts at improving Christian-Jewish understanding.

Thoma is a well known European scholar from Lucerne specializing in biblical and Judaic studies. *A Christian Theology of Judaism* is his first contribution in English. The volume focuses on the Jewish context of the teaching of Jesus and the theology of early Christianity. He also considers the Jewish roots of later Christological development, including the hypostatic titles assigned to Christ.

With respect to the actual settings of Jesus's ministry Thoma adds new scholarly support to the growing realization that this ministry shows close links with the progressive Pharisaic movement in Second Temple Judaism, and that early Christianity "attempted to bring the Christ Event and Pharisaic-rabbinic spirituality and life-style into harmony." The establishment of this positive link is crucial for removing one of the continuing distortions of Judaism in the contemporary church—the Pharisees as arch-enemies of Jesus. The removal of this stereotype is urged by the 1975 Vatican guidelines on Catholic-Jewish relations.

Eugene Borowitz's new volume consists of an evaluation of how a representative number of modern Christologies treat the question of Judaism. Included in his survey are such names as Barth, Pannenberg, Ruether, Soelle, Rahner, Gustafson, and H.R. Niebuhr. He ends with some consideration of whether the inherent dynamics of Christological statement lead to anti-Semitism. On this central point he is optimistic, though the possibility exists and there is no doubt of continuing distortions of Judaism in these Christologies that are serious. He may be a bit overgenerous in this regard. His personal sensitivity provides us with an excellent model for "outside" evaluation of religious perspectives.

An area of the dialogue that is emerging in importance is the attempt to relate particular religious perspectives to common social policy questions in an inter-religious setting. Joseph Gremillion has done some pioneer work in this line. A new volume edited by Eugene J. Fisher and Daniel F. Polish, *The Foundations of Social Policy in the Catholic and Jewish Traditions* is a further contribution (University of Notre Dame Press, $8.95, 194 pp.). A number of Jewish and Christian leaders, including J. Bryan Hehir, George Higgins, Balfour Brickner, Seymour Siegel and Bishop Francis Stafford, present perspectives on family and economic policy, international human rights and methodology in social policy development. These papers come from a series of dialogues held at Notre Dame under the sponsorship of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops and the Synagogue Council of America.

Another topic of increasing interest is Polish-Jewish relations. Both the present situation in Poland as well as the work of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council on creating a national

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museum-memorial in Washington have intensified this concern. Two new volumes will aid in this area. Bohdan Wytwycky's *The Other Holocaust: Many Circles of Hell* (*The Novak Report*, Washington, $5.95, 95 pp.) is a good introduction to the sufferings of the Slavs (especially Poles) and other groups that were also part of the Nazi Master Plan. Wytwycky's study is welcome for it tells their story while carefully preserving the special nature of Jewish victimhood under the Nazis. The only story not included here, one that needs to be told, is that of the gay community, though the play *Bent* has brought some attention to their suffering.

Kazimierz Brandys's new novel, a metaphysical monologue with strong ethical challenges carrying the title *A Question of Reality: A Novel of Poland* (Charles Scribner's Sons, $8.95, 180 pp.), is a powerful introduction to the spirit of Poland. It also alludes to the problem of Polish anti-Semitism that has sometimes been part of the people's self-expression and captures well the emptiness of the current Polish state apparatus. Brandys is a former member of the Polish Communist Party now living in France.

Arlene Swidler

AN EXCELLENT Catholic contribution to Holocaust studies is John F. Morley's *Vatican Diplomacy and the Jews During the Holocaust, 1939-1943* (KTAV, $20, 344 pp.). Using materials only recently available, Morley investigates the Vatican diplomatic corps, country by country, to discover whether its wartime staff worked on the two levels it is committed to: the rights of the church and humanitarian concerns, in this case the Jews. His book shows that very little was done for unbaptized Jews. Morley does not ask whether the Vatican diplomatic structure, with its emphases on diplomatic channels and the rights of Catholics, is not in fact an obstacle to broader humanitarian concern, but his book supplies some disturbing facts.

For a pleasant and informative evening's read, try Lawrence Cunningham's *The Meaning of Saints* (Harper & Row, $9.95, 190 pp.). The book sorts out the historic roles of saints as model and paradigm on the one hand and miracle-worker and intercessor on the other. Whereas our current canonization process still focuses on the saint as locus of power, Cunningham sees the saint as a person grasped by religious vision, a sign-event for others. He finds such paradigmatic models in contemporary fiction — works by Silone and Greene, for example — and draws implications of the ancient desert tradition from the lives of Teilhard de Chardin and the followers of Charles de Foucauld.

John Boswell's *Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality* (University of Chicago, $27.50, 424 plus pp.), after more facts and documentation than any non-specialist can want, concludes that this subject matter, which the author carries to the fourteenth century, is still so unexplored that conclusions and generalizations must remain tentative. Still, the topic is one on which we can no longer decently remain ignorant, and readers might like to browse in the tome. Some of the more interesting material is somewhat peripheral: the advantages of the term "gay," the lack of clear and binding biblical prohibitions of homosexual relations, the legality of homosexual marriage in ancient Rome.

"Ending the White Male Monopolies" is the subtitle of Daniel Maguire's *A New American Justice* (Doubleday, $9.95, 218 pp.). Convinced that the weak philosophical undergirding in the Bakke and later Weber cases leaves the principle of preferential affirmative action vulnerable, Maguire has attempted to supply that theoretical base here. The final section of the book deals with criteria for preferential aid. Here I think his assigning one disempowered group priority over others is a tactical error, but overall the book is solid and — let us hope — convincing.

As always, a number of helpful books on women and religion appeared, though none represents an important breakthrough or synthesize as well as Madonna Kolbenschlag's *Kiss Sleeping Beauty Goodbye* (Doubleday, 1979,

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$8.95, 244 pp.). *Commonweal* readers might find Carol Christ's *Diving Deep and Surfacing* (Beacon, $4.95, 175 pp.) the most illuminating of this year's crop. Christ analyzes the works of five women writers as stories of spiritual quest, beginning with turn-of-the-century Kate Chopin, a Louisiana Catholic whose short novel *The Awakening* reveals a powerful and sensitive writer.

Finally, *The Church Maintained in Truth* (Seabury, $6.95, 87 pp.) gives us Hans Küng's "theological meditation" on infallibility. This is the book that evoked the Vatican's declaration that Küng could no longer be considered a Catholic theologian; the English translation includes as postscript his responses: "Why I Remain a Catholic."

Jay P. Dolan

ONE OF THE spiritual giants of our generation was Thomas Merton. Not surprisingly his life and work still remain in the foreground and it is not unusual to go into a bookstore today, twelve years after his death, and see a newly published book of Merton's poetry or photography. He was a prolific and talented monk who worked at writing as hard as he did at praying. To penetrate the mind and soul of Merton, I can think of no better guide than *The Solitary Explorer* by Elena Malits, C.S.C. (Harper & Row, $6.95, 175 pp.). This is not a biography of Merton; rather it is a study of his spiritual writings organized around several themes metaphorically expressed, such as the guilty bystander and the solitary explorer. It is a penetrating study written in a readable, engaging style.

Long before Merton traveled to Asia, American priests and nuns worked there as missionaries. Yet we know very little about this chapter in American Catholic history. To dispel our ignorance, Thomas Breslin has written a book on the China experience, *China, American Catholicism, and The Missionary* (Pennsylvania State University Press, $15.95, 144 pp.). This study certainly breaks new ground and reveals, among other things, how influential the Vatican was in persuading American religious to become missionaries in China. Hardly the last word on the topic, Breslin's book is, I suspect, the first of several in the next decade which will unveil the hidden story of the China mission.

Another chapter in American Catholic history which has remained unknown to most of us is the story of the Polish. Fortunately, this situation is changing as a new breed of Catholic historians begin to publish their research. Anthony J. Kuzniewski, S.J., belongs to this group and his study, *Faith and Fatherland: The Polish Church War in Wisconsin 1896-1918* (University of Notre Dame Press, $12.95, 171 pp.) is an excellent example of the work being done by the new generation of American Catholic historians. It is a well written, carefully researched study of a specific Polish community; its focus is the campaign of the Polish clergy and laity to have Polish bishops appointed in the United States. The intensity which this struggle reached — the author calls it a "war" — strikingly reveals how much conflict existed in the church half a century ago. In comparison, today's disputes sound like Sunday school debates.

A fine example of the new social history in the area of religion is the book by Patricia J. Tracy, *Jonathan Edwards, Pastor: Religion and Society in Eighteenth Century Northampton* (Hill & Wang, $5.95, 270 pp.). Edwards was not only the intellectual giant of eighteenth century Puritanism, he was also pastor of a congregation for twenty-two years. This study examines the pastoral side of Edwards's life and seeks to explain why after such long years of service to the people of Northamptom, Edwards was fired from his job. This is not the type of book you would read on the subway, but it is rewarding reading. Its strength is to illustrate the important interaction between culture and religion; to be sensitive to and understand this relationship is as vital today as it was in Edwards's time. Not surprisingly many of the issues discussed by Tracy still have relevance for today's pastors.

My final recommendation is a book just recently published, *Fundamentalism and American Culture: The Shaping of Twentieth Century Evangelicalism, 1870-1925*, by George M. Marsden (Oxford University Press, $16.95, 306 pp.) The 1970s witnessed the resurgence of evangelical Protestantism and the more we know about its roots, the better we will understand the evangelicals of today. Though only about four and five million of an estimated forty million evangelicals in 1980 "would refer to themselves as 'fundamentalists,' a broader fundamentalist impulse is still

CRITICS

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FATHER JOHN T. PAWLIKOWSKI, *a professor of social ethics at Catholic Theological Union in Chicago, is the author of* What Are They Saying about Christian-Jewish Relations *(Paulist) and the forthcoming* Christology in Light of the Christian-Jewish Dialogue *(Paulist).*

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strong in much of the rest of evangelicalism." Marsden examines the beginnings of this impulse in Protestantism and the cultural forces in American society which shape this school of thought. This story is much more complicated and more significant than the Scopes monkey trial or Elmer Gantry would have you believe. To Marsden's credit, this book makes intelligible a complex chapter in American religious history.

Marilyn Chapin Massey

AS AN HISTORIAN of Christianity by trade, I am always grateful for books that provide new perspectives on the past. Since a great deal of the history of Christianity has been written from the evidence of official records and the products of the dominant intellectual traditions, an immense darkness covers much of what must have been the vibrant, complex, and diverse belief and practice of innumerable Christians. In this sense all of the eras of Christianity deserve the name "Dark Ages." Two books appearing this year brought extraordinarily bright lights to illumine Christian history: *Religious Practices and Collective Perceptions: Hidden Homologies in the Renaissance and Reformation* by Lionel Rothkrug (*Historical Reflections*, Vol. 7, No. 1, Spring, 1980. Published by the History Department, University of Waterloo, Ontario, Paperback $16, 264 pp.) and *Christianity, Social Tolerance and Homosexuality* by John Boswell (University of Chicago, Chicago. Hardback $27.50, 424 pp.).

Rothkrug's is the more adventurous of the two books, relating early medieval burial practices and the shrines of saints and Mary to the division of German territory after the Reformation between Protestant and Catholic. Rothkrug tries to show that those areas that remained Catholic had numerous shrines which played a major part in the devotion of the people and that the presence or absence of shrine piety can explain Germany's political and moral behavior. He even connects Kant and Hegel with the bones of the holy dead. The light that this book provides, as the Harvard historian George Williams said, seems to come from strobe lights.

Boswell's study is less startling than Rothkrug's but the light it provides is strong and steady. He has taken for his topic Christianity's attitude toward homosexuality and he has traced it with meticulous scholarship up to the late middle ages. The book reveals that our present Christian attitudes to homosexuality are directly rooted in medieval Christianity's treatment of it and that Christianity was not always as "medieval" as we are.

The second set of books on my list contains evidence for how creative humans lived as Christians in our century. They are Graham Greene's *Ways of Escape: An Autobiography* (Simon and Schuster: New York, Hardback, $12.95, 256 pp.) and *Letters of Flannery O'Connor, The Habit of Being* selected and edited by Sally Fitzgerald (Vintage Books, New York, paperback, $6.95, 640 pp.). Not since Thomas Merton's *The Seven Storey Mountain* has there appeared such literate witness to faith in the midst of contemporary culture.

My final choice is *Feminist Interpretation*, a special issue of *The Union Seminary Quarterly Review*, Broadway & W. 120th St., New York, N.Y., 10027 (Vol. XXV, Nos. 1 and 2, Fall and Winter, 1979-80, paperback, $5, 161 pp.). As the editor, Mary Edwardsen, wrote, this volume contains women's words — "the words of those who have been silenced in the history of man." Speaking and hearing these words is essential, in my opinion, if we are to see into the darkness of the Christian past and to find our way now. In the tradition of Union Seminary's stance of radically challenging comfortable Christian perspectives, Mary Edwardsen has put together essays, pictures, and book reviews into one of the most excellent volumes of a religious journal to appear in recent years.

Sacramental Theology Today

The Sacraments:
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The Bible and Christ:
The Unity of the Two Testaments by Leopold Sabourin, S.J.
Although most Christian scholars defend the unity of the Bible, they understand the unity of the two Testaments in a variety of ways. This work, by a renowned Biblical scholar, intends to demonstrate that the unity of the two Testaments rest in Christ. The author was formerly professor of exegesis and biblical theology at the Pontifical Biblical Institute in Rome and in Jerusalem. **$6.95, paper**

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James A. Miller

Memoriam, Jesse Owens

We are all,
somehow,
lesser for it.
The slow run
moving
from the blistering pace . . .
till world
was record; its
fastest
human.

Singly—
if but by seconds
(quaternary time)—he slowed
the mad rush
of an idea
in which he, and
life, had no place. He
symbolized the race. The
one he, part of, could
no more leave
than could others, to
date, wish destruction; even
the balest renegade of
every umber would grant
him that: he sped before
the eye of their death
and gained some reprieve,
some fashion of second start
for the race now
no more confined
to a cinder sprint
in a corner
of Berlin—but the
thoroughfare
connecting Delhi
and Moscow and Peking
and Buenos Aires; cities of the
Americas;
Hamburg.
(Pheidippides,
"by birth an Athenian,
and by profession and practice
a trained runner," almost
without knowing
pleads: "Men of Sparta, the
Athenians beseech you
to hasten to their aid,
and not allow that state,
which is the most ancient
in all Greece, to be enslaved
by the barbarians.")
His
going now stills
his speaking; living,
we knew his face: history
could (and thus we less
alone) have a human
one . . .

We leave,
that is, unable
still from Marathon
to hear him out: "Rejoice,
we conquer!", in no
small part,
with him.

Berniece Bunn Christman

Early Morning Jogger

I hear the reconstructed rhythm of your day
begin as you jog through flaps of street shadow
regathering from the shaded banks of houses
your own lost symphony. I'm hanging yet
to bed's soft crags, and shove my feet at shoes
unlearned in how to scavenge for another music.

Unable yet to redefine the cleft,
the quarter-note or arpeggio of smoke
still climbing warm above my lulled roof.
A block away your morning feet are dropping
echoes across some tinged path in a park;
a lostness among my pillow's careless feathers.

Paul Petrie

The Runners

Mitchell Salheeny—swift as a scythe's blade—dead.
Billy McKendricks—who swooped like a falcon, quick—
long dead.
John Robbins—lumbering express who always
ran
downhill—
What fear you struck in our hearts—
on the playground playing tag—invincible runners.
As soon as our eyes crossed yours, the race was done—
though we spurted sidewise, zigzagged, darted and stopped,
or opened our lungs and ran till the thud of our hearts
drowned the thud of our pounding feet on the close-packed gravel,
and the fences swam, onlookers disappeared,
and the blue sky gathered and burst.

Those three dark women
sit in their patience and weave. Like cunning wrestlers
they use our strength against us.

Before we slow ones
have even rounded the turn you have broken the tape,
and kneel in the long blue shadows catching your breath,
though still we hear you behind us—thundering feet,
hot breath on our necks, your arms outstretched for the tag—
as if you were still here racing, your speed in the steps of the
wind.

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 98)

should be linked to agrarian reform and land-to-the-tiller programs.

We believe our energy would be misused in trying to *improve* our foreign aid program. Instead, we should stop most of our aid programs and concentrate our resources on helping those countries where a fundamental restructuring of decision-making power is *already* underway. The basic premise of U.S. aid—that we can work through elite-controlled governments to help the powerless poor—is dead wrong. U.S. aid recipients such as El Salvador, the Philippines, and South Korea all have "agrarian reform" programs. Yet these programs—as well as miracle seeds, irrigation, credits, roads—strengthen the elites (who inevitably control government-sponsored aid programs) and actually worsen the lives of the poor and hungry.

As Americans, our role is not to change power structures in the third world. That is a job for the people of each country; and in every hungry country people are working for change. Our role is to get out of their way—to prevent our government and the corporations based here from acting as obstacles to change.

Our responsibility is also to make our society more democratic and self-reliant so that one day it can play a constructive role around the world.

This is the message of our study *Aid as Obstacle*.

DAVID KINLEY
Aid Education Project
Inst. for Food and Development Policy

Bedroom choice

Hollis, N.Y.

To the Editors: Your editorial "World Church in the Making" in the Oct. 24th issue about the miserable conditions under which millions of people throughout the world are literally forced to live is very persuasive.

But I fail to see how sidestepping the issue of contraception because it concerns merely "a bedroom choice" will make us more sensitive to our "global responsibility." This "bedroom choice" is something contemporary Catholics have backed into. It breeds a situation fraught with tension. It cannot be pictured as an issue that has now become peripherally significant. Does the widespread dissatisfaction result from American Catholic middle-class preoccupations or from a clearer insight into human nature? Are contraception's opponents protecting something natural and essential in human sexual expression or are they inhibiting an imporant aspect of marital love because of allegiance to tradition?

Questions such as those above will not vanish if treated with benign neglect. They will continue to divide the church and cause it to be misrepresented in the eyes of non-Catholics despite the discreet representations of some bishops and Rome's policy of papering over difficulties in this matter with official documents.

ROLAND LAIRD

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